Week ending December 8 1945

Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO DAY No 6 The Merchant Seaman by Stanley Herbert

RUSSIA AT HOME by Mrs. J. B. PRIESTLEY

Send this

SAVINGS GREETING

Send your friends this colourful card at Christmas. You can get your cards free of charge — from any Trustee Savings Bank, Savings Centre, your Savings Group or Post Office. (Cards available at Post Offices from December 3rd.) There are thirty spaces in which you may stick 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps — a patriotic gift for Christmas.

Ask also for details of another patriotic Christmas Gift idea — National Savings Gift Tokens, in units of 15/- up to any amount.

NATIONAL SAVINGS

GIFT CARDS

the gift with a future

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Although "ACDO" washes even grimy, greasy clothes spotlessly clean, it does not bleach colours. It retains their original rich beauty. "ACDO" saves so much time and work, too. No scrubbing, no rubbing, is the "ACDO" way; therefore clothes last longer. That's why housewives in industrial areas, where clothes get really dirty, have used it for over 25 years. Try it; you'll be delighted with its superiority.

"ACDO" cannot injure the daintiest fabrics or harm the most sensitive skin.

ACDO

Cut "ACDO" from your GROCER, GILMAN, or STORES

ASTLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

FOOD FACTS

preparing for Christmas

Christmas begins in the kitchen, and it isn't too soon to begin planning the best use of the Christmas rations now. So here are advance recipes for Christmas Fare, all of them tested by practical cooks in the Ministry of Food kitchens.

A GOOD DARK CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Ingredients: 2 oz. plain flour, ½ level teaspoon baking powder, ½ level teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2-4 oz. suet or fat, 3 oz. sugar, ½-1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. marmalade, 2 reconstituted eggs, ¼ pint brandy, rum, ale, stout or milk. *Method:* Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. Add the sugar, fruit and breadcrumbs and grated suet or melted fat. Mix with the marmalade, eggs and brandy, rum, or other liquid. Mix very thoroughly. Put in a greased basin, 2 pt. size, cover with greased paper and steam for 4 hours. Remove the paper and cover with a fresh piece and a clean cloth. Store in a cool place. Steam 2 to 3 hours before serving. *N.B. If the smaller quantities of sugar or fat) and fruit are used, the pudding should not be made more than 10 days before it is to be used. With the larger quantities you can make it right away.*

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Ingredients: 3 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 1 level tablespoon syrup, 8 oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2-4 reconstituted eggs, 1 lb. mixed dried fruit, ½ teaspoon lemon substitute or essence, pinch of salt, milk to mix (about ¼ pint). *Method:* Cream sugar and margarine, add syrup. Mix flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the eggs to the creamed mixture and beat well. Add fruit and lemon substitute and enough milk to make a fairly soft dough. Line a 7-in. tin with greased paper, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 3 hours. *This cake should keep about 2 months if stored in a clean, dry, airtight tin. Do not store until quite cold. Examine occasionally from time to time to make sure it is keeping all right.*

MOCK MARZIPAN

Ingredients: 2 oz. margarine, 2 tablespoons water, 2-3 teaspoons vanilla or almond essence, 4 oz. sugar or syrup, 4 oz. soya. *Method:* Melt margarine in the water, add essence and sugar or syrup, then soya. Turn on to a board and knead well. Roll out into a circular shape with the tin the cake was baked in. Smear top of cake with jam or jelly; then cover with marzipan.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 281

IRON

FUEL FOR THE FLAME OF LIFE

By a Doctor of Science

Iron is essential not only to vigorous health but even to our very existence. If our bodies were deprived entirely of iron the Flame of Life would go out.

If there is deficiency of iron (*iron starvation*) the Flame of Life burns more or less feebly. The symptoms are anæmia or poorness of blood, with its characteristic pallor and lack of energy; loss of appetite and enfeebled digestion; despondency and nervous irritability.

The cause may be irregular and unbalanced meals or inability to obtain a sufficiency of the iron-rich foods; but whatever is the cause of actual or impending *iron starvation*, the necessary intake of iron to meet daily requirements, and to build up an adequate reserve, can be ensured by taking a course of a reliable iron tonic.

This is the accepted way of avoiding *iron starvation*, and a simple and reliable remedy is Iron 'Jelloids,' in which a special process ensures that the iron remains always fresh, easy to take, and readily absorbable.

N.B. As Iron 'Jelloids' rebuild your iron-strength, you will soon begin to feel better every day in every way. Iron 'Jelloids' have been known as 'The Reliable Tonic' for nearly fifty years.

Although production is still restricted your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, includes Purchase Tax.

SHE GUARDS HER *magnesia smile*

She's got that sparkling smile that mother loves to see! She makes sure that she keeps her teeth clean, healthy and free from discoloration by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,'* which corrects mouth acid, so often the cause of dental trouble. Children use Phillips' Dental Magnesia gladly because it leaves the mouth feeling clean, and they love its flavour! Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Famel

CONQUERS *coughs*

FAMEL SYRUP (BRAND)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

Contributions...

No. 20 PNEUMATIC BAGS FOR MULBERRY HARBOURS

Concrete pontoons support the floating bridge in 'Mulberry' harbours. Damaged pontoons were prevented from sinking by the use of pneumatic bags which fitted into the damaged compartments and replaced the buoyancy. They were made by DUNLOP.

by DUNLOP

5H/168

CHANGE TO

COLGATE

Brushless SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW — BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

THE *Quick* WAY

TO A NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE

Have you ever noticed that all poised, assured women have one thing in common? They always look *fresh*. You, too, can have the *freshness* that brings confidence and a sense of well-being. It's simple —just this:

To ensure a CLEAR SKIN and remove skin eruptions add a little O-syl to your wash-water.

Be sure of SWEET BREATH — gargle morning and night with O-syl.

To be always FRAGRANT dab perspiration pores with O-syl and water.

For PERSONAL HYGIENE use O-syl and water regularly as directed.

Added to your new sense of assurance will be a feeling of confidence, too, for O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl

the drop-by-drop ANTISEPTIC

1/11½d. *and* 7d. *Including Tax*

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

A special booklet designed to be of real help to all ranks in the Services

THAT HOUSE IN CIVVY STREET

How to set about YOUR post-war housing problem

Post free—Threepence—from the

SERVICES INFORMATION BUREAU

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1

CVS—80

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

Every week, grateful readers express their thanks for the expert guidance of our advisers. This Service can help you. Why not tell us about your problem?

WILL FUTURE WIFE BE ENEMY ALIEN?

"I LEFT GERMANY in 1890, but I neglected to become naturalised. I lost my first wife, and would like to marry an Englishwoman. But I do not want her to suffer the humiliation endured by my first wife during the first World War.

"I applied for naturalisation six years ago, but the papers were not sent in until just before this war started. I consider I have no nationality. According to German law one loses nationality after an absence of ten years without reporting.

"If I remarry before my naturalisation papers are through, will my wife still be British or will she be an alien?"

✓ There are one or two things to tell you which should cheer you quite a bit. It is true that a wife generally accepts the nationality of her husband. But in this case there is a loophole. The wife acquires the nationality of an alien husband, unless by the law of his country she is not accepted as a national.

Since you have been living here for fifty-five years, you will neither of you be accepted as nationals by your Fatherland.

Moreover, our Home Secretary may also allow a British-born wife of an enemy alien to resume her British nationality, but this is a matter for his discretion.

When you do marry, your wife should apply to the Home Office for a declaration of her British nationality.

Casual Workers

"BEING A REGULAR reader of JOHN BULL, may I ask for your advice about the National Health Insurance of a daily charwoman?

"She works for Mrs. A. for one hour every day, and two or three hours on Saturdays. She goes to four different houses on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. She does work for others in the afternoons.

"Which employer is responsible for the insurance? Does the one hour on Mondays make Mrs. A. responsible? If the woman is not insured, are all the employers liable to fine?"

✓ Mrs. A. is responsible for stamping the National Health card since she is the first employer. The week begins at midnight on Sunday. If the woman is not insured, all her employers would be involved in any legal action that might be taken.

Only one stamp is required each week, as you know, and her employers could come to an arrangement whereby they take turns in stamping the card. This is often done and is obviously fair. All the same, Mrs. A. will not be relieved of her responsibility as first employer.

Tenant's Dilemma

"WILL YOU GIVE me some advice about my rent? I moved into this flat about a year ago and was paying £1 1s. a week. Later on I was told that the rent should be only 14s. a week, and I have been paying this amount since July.

"I should like to know if I can bring the leaseholder to court for overcharging. Altogether I have paid £15 too

Continued on page 22

MEN WHO SAVED US ALL

by HANNEN SWAFFER

ALTHOUGH WE OWED our food supplies, in the 1914 war, to the men of the Merchant Navy, it was not till another war in which they again saved us that they were paid a tolerable wage.

The Merchant Navy lost one in five of its men during the war. With 30,589 men killed, it had a higher loss-ratio than any of the Fighting Services.

In war, the men sailing under the "Red Duster" were afraid of nothing; in peace they were afraid of unemployment.

Officers and men in the Merchant Navy don't get war service gratuities.

Before the war an A.B. in the Merchant Navy got about £9 12s. a month with his keep, and the ordinary seaman £5 2s. 6d. a month.

During the war, the basic rate for an A.B. has gone up to £14 a month, plus £10 war-risk bonus. The basic rate for an ordinary seaman is now £8 10s.

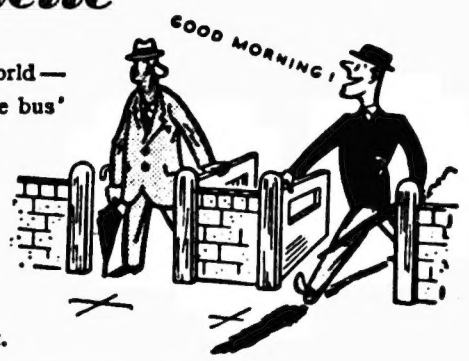
THIS WEEK'S COVER

a month, rising to £10 a month after two years' service, plus war-risk money of £10 a month.

Early in the war, the crews wanted increases of pay to be on basic rates. The shipowners preferred to pay war-risk money —and that they tried to reduce with indecent haste.

Now our heroic seamen fight for a Seven Seas' Charter! We must see they get it!

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette



All's right with the world—and you 'can't miss the bus' after shaving with blades that make so little fuss! Blue Gillette 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax.

"What does he say?"

"Poor dear, he's had a nasty sore place behind his knee but it's better now—he says that Dettol Ointment is wonderful stuff."

Choose the REDOUBTABLE RALEIGH THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

BECAUSE RALEIGH IS BACKED BY HALF-A-CENTURY'S EXPERIENCE

. . . which is expressed in every feature of the Raleigh design . . . materials, workmanship, and in all those refinements that single out the Raleigh in any company. Government restrictions prevent normal distribution, but keep in touch with your Raleigh Dealer.

RN.107e

The Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd., Nottingham

NO CYCLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A STURMEY-ARCHER VARIABLE GEAR

Will you want a set with knobs on?

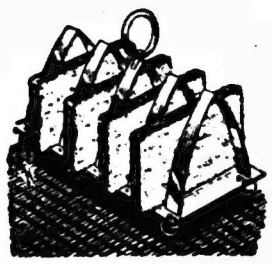
We have always tried to give you as few knobs as possible. And in 'knobs' we include all gadgets that may look exciting, but have little real use.

MURPHY RADIO

C.R.C. 176

Wise people say

HOVIS



-every day

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939 but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Try the "Spa" method of serving fish—you'll find it tastier, and more satisfying, for "Spa" Gelatine is a pure protein and therefore adds food to food. "Spa" has no taste or odour.

★ LOW MELTING POINT
ensures velvet smoothness in texture

ASK RETAILER FOR "SPA" RECIPE BOOK, PRICE 2D. OR SEND PRICE DIRECT TO ADDRESS BELOW

Price 3d. per oz. See that you are served from the "Spa" tin.

LOW MELTING POINT
SPA GELATINE
GUARANTEED PURE FOOD

B. YOUNG & CO. LTD.
"Spa" Works, Grange Rd., London, S.E.1

Beauty & Efficiency unite in forthcoming

HMV
ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

IRONS • FIRES • KETTLES
REFRIGERATORS • HOT PLATES
WASHING MACHINES

THEY LOOK ALIKE,

BUT... they've different things inside. Both mothers know that porridge is the most nutritious cereal food. But one insists on Scottish oats... for their native goodness and flavour. 'Quick-cooking rolled oats, or oatmeal,' she says, 'it must be milled in Scotland and... IT'S GOT TO BE

SCOTTISH OATS

Inserted by the Scottish Oatmeal Millers' Associations

"IT'S NICER THAN GROUND RICE"

COARSECUT *Barley*

Makes delicious nourishing Puddings

10d per lb. from your grocer
one pound makes twenty puddings.

PICKERING & CO. (CEREALS) LTD.,
DENTON, Nr. Manchester.

By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

14½ OZ. TIN 1/- (4 points per tin)
Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.

Mrs Peek's PUDDINGS

No health dangers for Elsie on *this* floor! Mother uses Lifebuoy wherever she can, to get rid of dirt and the germs it carries. There's safety in the antiseptic lather of . . .

Lifebuoy

It's more than a good soap — it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet

L 419-943-65 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

When you feel all "on edge"— oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITAIN STARTLES THE U.S.A.

Christmas Parties Banned. Reprimand for Comrade Rust. Young Man to watch. Lonely Sir Victor. Official Muddling. What Gordon Roll Should Do. Walter Hammond Comes Back

THERE IS LIFE in the old lion yet. This is apparently startling news to some of our friends overseas, who, knowing that our larders are bare and our coffers empty, thought we were down, and would soon be out.

Thus, Americans are surprised and even shocked to find that once again we are the world's greatest shipbuilders.

We have reached the highest amount of ship construction for fifteen years. We have just passed, by some 60,000 tons, the total construction in hand in American yards for the first time since 1939.

Going Ahead

We are setting the pace in other directions. Dr. Bard, research chief of the Federation of British Industries, says that a "revolutionary" advance in television has put us ahead of our competitors.

Our aircraft industry is employing more than six times as many people as does its American counterpart. We are doing new things with plastics and fabrics. American experts who have been here to gather information about other British trades have gone back in thoughtful mood.

Helping Keynes

These facts have strengthened the clever bargaining hands of Lord Keynes in the Lease-Lend talks.

First U.S. reaction was: If the British are doing all this, can they really be "bust" enough to require our money?

Then came this second thought: If we deny them help, and force them to invade our markets in order to earn dollars, we may find some of their goods preferred to ours.

This was the poser which finally faced Washington.

Parties Banned

SOME BRITISH TROOPS in Berlin have been preparing Christmas parties for German children. They were going to sacrifice some of their personal rations.

Now Major-General E. P. Nares, G-o-C Berlin troops, has issued an order banning such parties in the British zone. He has been instructed to do so by "higher authority" because of the adverse publicity in Britain that followed children's parties arranged in recent months by our men in Germany.

Away from his own children, the British soldier finds some measure of compensation in giving happiness to others. And heaven knows the wretched children of bombed, blasted Berlin have little enough to look forward to. Apparently we have a new Christmas slogan: "War on Earth. Bad will to all men—and women and children!"

Your Credit

POST-WAR INCOME TAX CREDITS will not be paid this year. That announcement will not cause much surprise. Holders of the battered bag from which the Budget is produced have always been careful not to give any payment date. And to release a lot more money for spending next year, before there were enough goods to go round, would send prices soaring and bring the disaster of inflation.

But Chancellor Hugh Dalton should allow the credits to be cashed quickly in special cases.

Men who need capital to start up in business, people suffering from incurable illness and wanting to make their last months comfortable, should get compassionate consideration.

Over-Ruled Rust

WHEN HARRY POLLITT (ex-Manchester boiler-maker, now Communist Party General Secretary) rightly rebuked Bill Rust (*Daily Worker* editor) at the Party Congress, journalists recalled past rifts in the lute between this doughty pair.

They have never found it easy to get on together. In this latest dispute, Rust, who loves living on a diet of slogans, lost his head a little.

He called, in effect, for an "Ernest Bevin Must Go" Campaign. The faithful cheered.

Long-Term Tactics

The following day, on behalf of the Party Executive, Comrade Pollitt reprimanded Comrade Rust. The latter had not, apparently, put over the proper Executive line. Naughty Mr. Rust!

The Communists, of course, are out "to get" Foreign Secretary Bevin. He says too many rough, tough things about certain aspects of Soviet Union policy.

But at long last, many of the Communist leaders are realising that when they directly attack a Labour leader his position is invariably strengthened! So it will be more subtle tactics they will have to adopt.

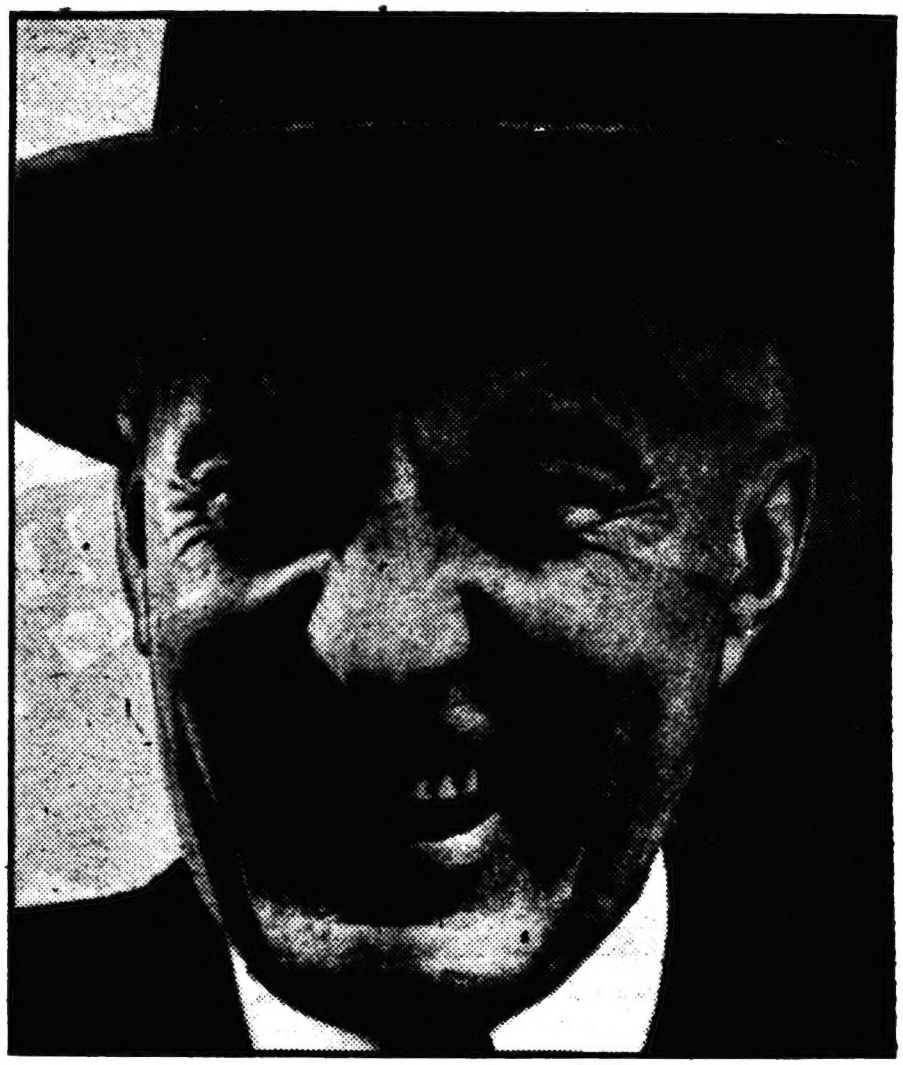
Battle Background

Way back in 1939, at the outbreak of war, Pollitt issued a stirring appeal to Party members and to the nation to support the war against Nazidom. Alas, without even thinking of poor Pollitt, M. Molotov roundly denounced the war, and the British Communists at once leapt into line.

Comrade Pollitt was hauled over the coals. He, and his old friend J. R. Campbell, published a humiliating "recantation" of their wicked errors. Mr. Rust rubbed salt into their wounds.

But when Germany attacked Russia, it wasn't long before Rust and friends were bawling for a "Second Front" as enthusiastically as they bellowed for a "People's Peace" a few weeks before.

Now it is Pollitt who has the job of slapping the Rust wrist. Almost poetic justice, we think.



Chancellor Hugh Dalton won't pay income tax credits next year. They amount to £800,000,000 and, if suddenly released, would cause inflation. But he should pay out now in compassionate cases

Too Many Tall Stories

ON ONE THING we find ourselves in entire agreement with the Communists. There are too many tall stories being told about the Soviet Union. Little snippetty bits of anti-Soviet rubbish find too many ready ears and ready pens.

Example: A national daily published a story by a general. He described the admitted "watch-mania" of Russian troops as being due to the fact that back in the Soviet Union a man can buy a farm with three watches!

The facts: No Soviet citizen not already working an individual farm can start one now. All land is the property of the nation. It can neither be bought nor sold to individual buyers.

Reg. Bishop, secretary of "Russia To-day Society," was right to expose this canard. The newspaper concerned was right in publishing his factual repudiation of this nonsensical story.

Freezing Franco

SIR VICTOR MALLET, rosy, jovial and fiftyish, must be feeling a little lonely as British Ambassador in Spain. In the last few weeks he has seen the Brazilian, Argentine and Portuguese Ambassadors leave. Norman Armour, the U.S.A. representative, is the latest to quit Madrid.

Ostensibly, Mr. Armour has retired "for reasons of age." Actually, it is clear, he has been withdrawn as part of a plan to freeze Franco out.

Why Britain continues to "recognise" the little friend of Hitler and Mussolini is not so obvious. Ernest Bevin will have to be quick if Sir Victor Mallet is not to bring up the rear of the distinguished leave party from Madrid.

Calling Moscow

IT SEEMS that the Foreign Office is now in favour of broadcasts in Russian being sent out from this country.

The sooner the better. There is as much need for the Russians to understand us as there is for us to understand the Russians, and broadcasting of the right sort will broaden minds.

Best-Seller

NEVER WAS THERE so much interest in Parliament. People queue for hours to get into the public gallery; M.P.s are swamped with letters; the sale of *Hansard*, the official Parliamentary report, has doubled in two years and is in great demand at public libraries. In some factories *Hansard* groups have been formed, with weekly discussion meetings.

When more paper is available,

"I SHALL BE VERY PROUD TO TELL MY FRIENDS"

writes Mr. J. Barron, of Keith, in acknowledging cheque from JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following Storm damage to his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

DEATH rides on our roads to-day, and JOHN BULL's cartoonist, TIM, draws him at the wheel—to make you think.

What are the facts?

In six years of war, bombers and V-weapons killed just over 60,000 and injured over 86,000 British civilians. Terrible figures, which have rightly aroused feelings of horror.

Yet, almost in the same period—from September, 1939, to August, 1945, 44,307 people, including 7,000 children, were killed and 800,000 injured on the roads of Britain.

"These facts are simply appalling," said the Archbishop of York in the House of Lords. ". . . and I am amazed that more attention is not drawn to them. Day by day, these casualties take place on the roads, and . . . we are taking them almost for granted."

The Government is spending £250,000 on the new Road Safety Plan. There are to be more police patrols, traffic signals, and so on. Every home is to have a copy of the revised Highway Code. All very good measures, but are they enough?

We cannot REALLY drive Death off the roads until each one of us—motorist, cyclist, or pedestrian—stops taking road casualties "for granted" and begins to think of them seriously, and to recognise them as a shameful, avoidable waste of life.

So look at TIM'S cartoon again—and read HERBERT HODGE, who writes about the problem from the experienced driver's point of view on page 11.

DEATH AT THE WHEEL

couldn't we have a cheaper *Hansard* —and a weekly edition containing the more important debates?

Stakehill Mistake

AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Lancashire, a military court of inquiry is meeting in secret behind guarded doors. It is considering all the allegations that have been made about conditions at Stakehill, the military prison.

Jack Lawson, Minister of War, was pressed to hold the inquiry in public. He refused. His grounds were that more facts could be ascertained behind closed doors. He added that in any case, if court-martial proceedings (which are public) had to follow, it would be unfair to prejudice those proceedings by a preliminary public investigation.

We disagree with him. The public conscience is uneasy about many aspects of military prison administration. If the court of inquiry decides there are no grounds for taking action—a decision that may be just and proper—there will be the inevitable suspicions that a military court was trying to cover up military blunders.

Rumours Rife

Listening to the debate about this matter in the House of Commons, we suspected that Jack Lawson was not happy about his own decision. That impression was shared by most of the M.P.s who were there.

Meanwhile, particularly in the North, wild conjectures and wilder stories about alleged happenings at Stakehill circulate unchecked. They will continue to do so while the inquiry lasts. We hope the court is conscious of the need for maximum speed in investigation, and the Minister of the necessity for prompt publication of the court's conclusions.

Name to Note

MAJOR DENIS HEALEY. We shall be hearing a good deal of that name from now on. This 27-year-old Socialist has been selected for the job of Chief of the Foreign Affairs Section of the British Labour Party.

From an office in Transport House, he will be one of the chief architects in rebuilding the International Socialist Movement.

He succeeds veteran William Gillies in the post. Gillies is retiring. His long and loyal service to British Labour has deserved the thanks of the Party Executive. But in the war years he found himself becoming more and more out of sympathy with the Party's approach to international affairs.

Vansittart Virus?

Gillies was openly accused, not without some justification, of embracing at least part of the Vansittart theme of the eternal evil of the German race. He held strong views about the future of Europe that were certainly not those of his colleagues.

Healey, unsuccessful Labour General Election candidate for Pudsey and Otley, is of a different school. Chairman of the Oxford University Labour Club in 1939, he was a key-man in the planning and execution of the combined operations in North Africa, Sicily and Anzio.

In politics he is tough. At the Blackpool Labour Party Conference, for instance, he was talking about the "upper classes" in European countries. "They are selfish, depraved, dissolute and decadent," he declared.

War Blind

THE REPORT THAT hundreds of blinded men are coming back from Japanese prison camps is not quite so grim as might be thought. Sir Ian Fraser, the sightless M.P., tells us that some 300 men have serious eye troubles, but the surgeons expect to save the vision of most. In cases due to food deficiency, unless of very long standing, the trouble should yield to treatment.

In all, the total of war-blinded is expected to be seven or eight hundred, including twelve to fifteen from the women's Services. That is about half the toll of the 1914-18 war.

Accommodating

MENTION OF THE women's Services reminds us that Wrens are being sent home on "accommodation leave." Which means indefinite leave on full pay. They cannot take up work in case of recall; they are being paid, indeed, to forget the need for work.

To girls of nineteen or twenty that is hardly good training for the future. Nor is it sound economy to force people to idle when the country is desperately short of labour—and money.

Stay-at-home Boys

ON A PAR with this lunacy is the squabble between two Ministries that is spoiling the chances of spirited youngsters.

One Department advertised for boys between sixteen and eighteen to go to sea. Another Department insists that the youths must be kept ashore in case they are needed for other forms of work.

But crews are needed to replace those lost during the war. And youth is the best time to learn the trade one wants to follow.

No Start

NEXT COMES A MAN who is not allowed to start the job he wants. For six years he served in the Army; on demobilisation last September officers and officials were anxious to help him to "rehabilitate." He explained that he had saved all his life to be able to start his own car-hire service, and they promised him every assistance.

Now the Leeds petroleum officer refuses him a petrol allowance as he is not disabled, the watch committee rejects his request for a licence, and the employment exchange tells him that he has a "very poor case."

Shut Down

AS A LAST EXAMPLE of official ruling let us take evidence from a Lancashire builder. He has been working eighteen hours a day for years and the strain is beginning to tell. So he applied for the release of his son, a sapper who is deaf in one ear, blind in one eye, and presumably not vital to the country's defence.

The application has been refused. So the father is shutting down the business, discharging his men, and stopping the building of houses.

Too Old at Thirty-one?

WE HEARD the other day of a demobbed officer who was turned down when he applied for a job because he was a year too old. He was thirty-one!

What is more usual is that officers over forty-five are finding it very hard to get work. One man aged forty-six has been workless for six

months. He is a man of many attainments, and was prepared to work for £400 a year, but no one will look at him.

Evidently some employers are so mentally barren themselves at forty that they cannot believe others of the same age are as alert as youths of twenty. A reader's letter makes a good point on this subject on page 14.

Whitehall Folly

LONDON HOSPITALS are desperately short of nurses, so Miss Lilias Payne, a doctor's daughter from British Guiana with eighteen months' training, offered her services.

But in spite of vacancies in London and the fact that her mother lives there, the Colonial Office has thoughtfully allocated her to an Ipswich hospital!

She has accepted the job, but says that she will try to get a transfer to London. We hope that she will not be transferred to Aberdeen, just to make visits to her mother in London as difficult as possible.

Housing Hold-up

SLEEPY STEWKLEY, a village in Bucks, wants to build thirty-four new houses on some allotment ground.

But prospects are not rosy. So far the council's application has got past one Government Department, but there are sixteen other departments which have yet to approve the application and the plans. Also, there is a feud between the council and the local allotment-holders, who don't realise that houses may be even more important than cabbage patches.

Masses of red-tape will have to be cut through before Bevan can do his best.

Broken Roll

NEWS THAT Gordon Roll is "broke" will probably cause regret only to his spongers and the waiters to whom he would give a £5 tip for bringing him an ashtray.

Aged thirty-two, now living on a loan from his brother, he inherited £140,000 from his baronet father ten years ago. He has spent the lot on racing, gambling and high jinks. Without being unkind, we suggest that any man so foolish might be better off without a great fortune.

He is said to be thinking of becoming a house-to-house hawker in Leicester. Our advice would be that, as he was discharged from the Army last July, he should take advantage of the training schemes for ex-Servicemen and thus try to make himself a useful citizen.

Gordon Roll gave waiters five pound tips

Provost's Bed

AS PROVOST of Birmingham, J. H. Richards has to be addressed as "the Very Reverend." If he didn't keep so quiet about himself many people would call him a very good fellow.

The other night he went upstairs to bed for the first time since 1941. Few in the city knew that he had given up all but one room in his house for the use of troops—and made do with it despite two grave bouts of pneumonia.

Retiring Angel

In London, East Enders have said farewell to the Rev. J. N. Sykes, a frail vicar who "chased bombs on his cycle" all through the air raids so that he could help the rescue men.

Mayor and small children alike came to give their best wishes to this elderly man who has been nicknamed the Angel of Stepney.

Whatever may be wrong or is said to be wrong with the Church, the right type of man is still to be found in its ranks.

Nice Profit

YOUNG PEOPLE attempting to set up home should be on their guard against glib-tongued furniture salesmen who have everything except a conscience.

Evidence in a recent case showed that a dining-room suite which cost £23 5s. 11d. to produce was sold for £80!

As the cost price included 6 per cent. profit to the manufacturer, the middlemen were doing well.

Sympathy

Second-hand furniture, too, brings high profits. A bedroom suite was sold for £139, while the maximum price was £69. A walnut wardrobe, maximum price £18, was sold for £27.

The retailer pleaded that he did not understand the price regulations and though fines were inflicted the magistrate sympathised with him. Our sympathy is with those who were overcharged. Why should a minority be able to exploit the majority because of the aftermath of war?

Walter's Come-Back

WALTER HAMMOND, England's 1945 cricket captain, is to lead Gloucestershire once more next summer. A squadron-leader in the war, he was invalided out of the R.A.F. Two other members of England's team at Lord's were discharged from the Forces on medical grounds.

But don't blame the medical boards. Sometimes an athlete may suffer from a physical defect that prevents his passing a routine test, but allows him to play a first-class game.

When Taylor, Vardon and Braid were on top of the golfing world they went together to an Edinburgh oculist, who found that each had defective eyesight. As a youngster, Taylor was turned down by M.O.s of both Army and Metropolitan Police.

PUTTING IT TO THE TEST

HOW BEST TO BUILD the better Britain? How can we make this land worthy of the sacrifices its people have so gladly made for it?

This week's bitter Parliamentary battle brings up the fierce fundamental divisions about the answers to these questions.

Clear away the clouds of rhetoric. Get the facts straight. Labour was returned to power pledged to a policy of long-term planning; of nationalisation of major industries. Its leaders and candidates proclaimed their objects throughout the election.

Surely there can be no complaint because the Government is vigorously carrying out the programme upon which it was elected?

Why waste our time dragging out the wretched remnants of bogy-bogy stories about a Britain in the chains of a Socialist tyranny?

This nonsense made even Mr. Churchill ridiculous in his first broadcast to the nation in the General Election campaign. Neither he nor his Party seem to have learned anything from that experience.

The long-term planning argument is simple. After the last war there was a brief, bright boom, a short-lived ersatz period of prosperity. Then came the "morning after."

INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES swept the land. There was chaos in the coalfields. Unemployment figures rose. Men who had been heroes a short time before shuffled the city gutters and begged for pennies. Between 1918 and 1931 there were two great periods of depression. The common folk paid the price. This must not happen again.

How can it be avoided? Plan on a national scale, says Labour. Reorganise industry on long-term national needs rather than short-term quick profits. Give constructive individual enterprise its full scope, but crush the would-be profiteer and financial adventurer. Recognise that the main purpose of all industry is to produce the things the people need, not the big profits only a few can get.

What is the case against the long-term planner? His critics, in and out of Parliament, want speedy removal of all war time controls. This, they say, will give the enterprising industrialist incentive to greater effort and ingenuity. The right to maximum profits means the maximum will to work. The swelling bank balance means the swelling wage packet.

Which approach is the best one? We think the long-term view is right. We think the Government's theory of planning Britain's future is sound.

But it is *in practice* that the theories will be tested.

The British people are patient. They know and appreciate the gigantic problems that face this Government, as they would have faced any other. Wiser than they are given credit for, they do not expect Utopia overnight.

BUT THEY HAVE a right to expect results. They have an equal right to know the full reasons why this or that cannot be done—yet.

Labour Ministers have pledged their personal political fortunes and that of their Party to "delivering the goods."

Aneurin Bevan, for example, without equivocation or side-stepping, says Labour will fight the housing famine on a scale never before known. Next year, in the numbers of new houses going up, the nation will be able to judge. What Bevan says in his own sphere is true of the other Labour Ministers in theirs.

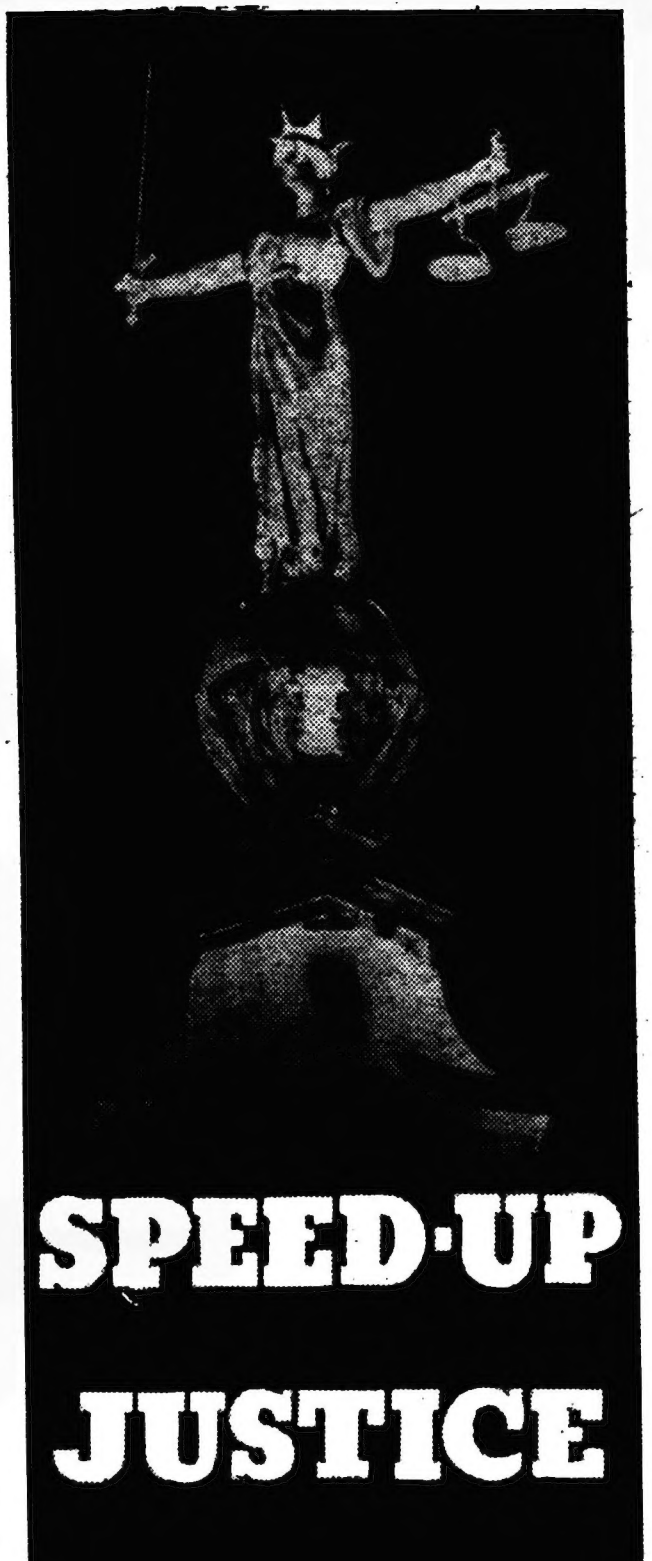
There will be no alibis for failures.

The nation will thank those, of whatever Party, who have the good sense and patriotism to give constructive aid and counsel to those chosen to lead it in the difficult times ahead. But it will not tolerate sabotage. It will not have panic-mongering.

The constructive Conservative critic is needed, badly needed; the careless phrase-monger, still nursing the bitterness of overwhelming political defeat, has no place in Britain's fight to Win the Peace.

The Editor

The man in the street is baffled by slow, costly British justice. There are too many laws, on top of which Parliament is pouring out a constant stream of new legislation. SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL, K.C., the West London Magistrate, suggests a remedy in the first of two outspoken articles



SPEED-UP JUSTICE

"THE LAW IS AN ASS—a idiot," according to the hen-pecked Mr. Bumble in "Oliver Twist." I wonder how many people bruised by the machinery of the law have been tempted to make the same complaint.

Yet "hard cases make bad law." Any rule which is universally applied is bound to be hard on a few individuals. Nevertheless, these "hard cases," when they come to light, should be carefully and sympathetically examined, particularly if they are due to some defect in existing law.

Broadly speaking, English law seldom conflicts with common-sense. It is based on fair play. It has won the respect of the world.

As every lawyer knows, however, anomalies and inequalities do arise. Sometimes they cause great injustice. And a constant process of revision is required to keep the law in tune with changing needs. The fact that we detect these faults must not blind us to its many virtues.

Our judges and other members of the profession have acquired a reputation for integrity. They have the confidence of the public.

In the days of Cardinal Wolsey, it was said "No one could hope for a favourable judgment unless his fingers were tipped with gold."

One can picture the rude awakening of any litigant who tried to bribe a judge to-day!

There is the story of an old farmer who had a case coming up at the local County Court. A few days before the hearing, he said he proposed to send the judge a couple of ducks. His lawyer was horrified and warned his client of the consequences. He would certainly lose his case.

The farmer said nothing. Eventually, when the matter had been decided in his favour, he confessed with a broad wink that he had sent the ducks, but had done so *in the name of the other fellow.*

Dread of the Law

However convinced the average Englishman may be as to the honesty and impartiality of the Courts, he has a wholesome dread of becoming entangled in the machinery. Expense, uncertainty and delay make him wary. Certainly no lawyer would blame him.

Justice, in theory at all events, is no respecter of persons, but litigation can be an expensive pastime.

A certain amount of the expense is unavoidable. Highly skilled judicial machinery costs money to maintain, and the State naturally demands something by way of Court fees, perhaps too much. Then there is the inevitable outlay on ascertaining the facts, often the largest item of all. There are the expenses of witnesses, and not least, the fees of solicitors and counsel.

Indeed, we are sometimes told that owing to the alleged rapacity of the legal profession it is almost impossible for any man or woman of average means to obtain justice.

The public reads of the enormous fees paid to celebrated barristers. Litigants point to the way in which six and eightpences mount up in solicitors' bills of costs. But solicitors' costs are liable to taxation. That is, subject to independent scrutiny by a Taxing Master. And so far as the big fees of the Bar are concerned, the public has itself to blame.

It is true that certain spectacular advocates are so much in demand that they must put their services at a premium. There are, however, plenty of other highly competent men willing to work for a reasonable sum.

A client of the late Lord Carson, at the height of his fame, was worried when he saw the fee required by this great advocate.

"I quite agree with you. My fee is exorbitant," said Carson. "But come over here." He led his client to the window and pointed to the network of lights around the Temple.

"In every one of those chambers is a man who will do your case, which is comparatively simple, just as well as I and much cheaper."

"No, no, I must have you."

"Well," said Carson. "If you are such a fool as that after what I've shown you, I am afraid you must pay what my clerk suggests." The fee was paid without further demur.

Taken as a whole lawyers' fees are not excessive. They compare favourably with those asked in any other profession. In addition, charitable work under the Poor Persons Rules is done by barristers and solicitors. It does not receive the appreciation it deserves.

Moreover, if the proposals of Lord Rushcliffe's Committee on Legal Aid (which has just made its Report) are put into effect, no person will in future be prevented by lack of means from obtaining justice in any Court.

Apart, however, from giving free legal advice and assistance, in a justifiable case, to those unable to pay for it, it may not be in the public interest that the process of going to law should be cheapened.

Defendants must be considered as well as plaintiffs. Even under the Rushcliffe proposals, the opponent of an assisted litigant will have to pay his own costs, win or lose. Yet his means may be little more than the maximum limits fixed by the Committee for granting legal aid.

It is not good to encourage the number of actions by eliminating all risks.

Many people complain about the delays caused by the law. The ideal would be that whenever a case is ready for trial there should be a judge to try it. But the late Lord Chief Justice pointed out that even if there were "Robot" judges, sitting all the time, there would still be delays due to illness, unavoidable absence of witnesses, and above all the impossibility of estimating the exact length of a case.

However, Justice could be speeded up by further simplifying the procedure, and appointing more judges.

Millions of "Precedents"

As to the alleged "uncertainty" of the law, the difficulty is that so much of it is what we call "judge made." It has never been codified like that of many other countries. It has been left to the judges to interpret the intentions of the Legislature in accordance with what seems to them just and reasonable, often an almost impossible task.

These decisions are then adopted by other judges as "precedents" and ultimately accepted as settled law. This system may give a certain amount of elasticity. It has the disadvantage that no one can tell in advance exactly in what way the Courts will decide.

Every new decision by a judge may to some extent alter the law. In that great work known as Halsbury's Laws of England there are no fewer than a quarter of a million judicial decisions.

In addition, the "Annual Digest of English Law" usually contains about a thousand new cases each year. The Incorporated Council of Law Reporting has an annual output of six or seven volumes, each considerably bigger than the average novel. The legal journals and *The Times* publish many annual volumes of reported cases.

On top of all this, Parliament is continually pouring out streams of new legislation. Can it be wondered, therefore, that the law is becoming increasingly chaotic and unintelligible to the man in the street?

The real trouble is that there are too many laws. Acts of Parliament are multiplied incessantly without proper regard to those already on the Statute Book and sometimes entirely conflicting with them.

What I should like to see would be a Standing Committee of eminent judges and lawyers, entirely divorced from Party politics, charged with the duty of examining and revising the existing laws. They would recommend for repeal those which are obsolete or redundant.

They would weed out the morass of judicial precedents, lay the foundations for a complete codification of the law.

It will be understood that all this is applicable solely to civil law and procedure. The administration of Criminal justice raises quite different considerations.

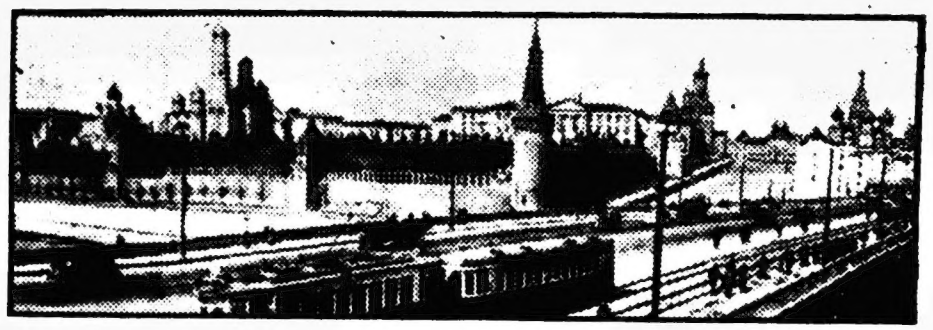
But as to civil law, there is a real danger of it becoming top-heavy and ultimately unworkable unless something can be done (1) to simplify the elaborate procedure still applicable in many of our Courts, and incidentally lessen the expense of litigation; (2) to check the unending stream of judicial precedents which threaten to clog the whole machinery of law, and (3) to limit so far as possible the excessive output of new legislation.

The danger is not a new one. As long ago as the days of "Good Queen Bess," the greatest lawyer of the age, Francis Bacon, protested against "This continual heaping up of laws without digesting them, which maketh but chaos and confusion, and *turneth the laws themselves into snares for the people.*"

RUSSIA AT HOME

What are these Russians like at home in their own country? How would they receive you, if you could go there now, and what impressions would you bring away? Here is the answer in an intimate and friendly letter specially written for JOHN BULL.

by Mrs. J. B. PRIESTLEY



DEAR JOHN BULL READERS,—You can imagine how eagerly we looked at our first Moscow street. Our hotel had a splendid position, directly across a wide square from the Kremlin. Through a side street we could see the Red Square and Lenin's Tomb, and farther away the onion-shaped domes and cupolas of St. Basil's Cathedral. On the left was a very high modern block of restaurants, cafés and offices.

It was the rush hour and people were hurrying ta the Metro station or bus or tram. They differed from a London crowd only in details—clothes more drab, head shawls on the older women, a great many civilians wearing high leather boots.

It was scon dark. The street lights were brilliant and on each tower at the corners of the long wall enclosing the Kremlin a bright red star stood out against the evening sky.

Next day, our first engagement, which was to plan our itinerary over lunch with our hosts, a group of Russian writers, was not until two o'clock, the usual hour in Moscow. So we went out by ourselves to look round the town.

We went quite freely, just as we would have done in any town anywhere. I say this because so many people thought we would always be carefully shepherded, and I must confess that I had not known what to expect myself.

We walked up Gorky Street, a good wide street with some excellent shops, particularly confectioners and grocers, and some fine new buildings. We went across to the Red Square. I saw the famous old clock that I had occasionally heard on the radio and recognised it when it chimed mid-day.

Churches Inside the Kremlin

We walked down to the Moscow river, and from the bridge saw the beautiful silhouette of the dozens of domes of the churches inside the Kremlin. The Kremlin is a little walled city on high ground above the river—a mixture of Hampton Court, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace and Wellington Barracks, all inside these long crenellated walls.

We walked back through the Kremlin gardens and watched the passers by.

There are many climates in the Soviet Union, in fact, they have every climate except the tropical. We saw them skating in the north, and saw oranges, tea and tobacco growing in the south.

Our first walk in Moscow was on a drizzling, chilly day and people were already warmly wrapped up, though the chief impression was of dull and shabby clothes, even among the children playing in little parties in the Kremlin gardens. Only an occasional little daughter proudly walking with an officer father was prettily dressed.

Middle-aged women, rather like comfortable nannies, were looking after the children under school age, which is seven in Russia. There were toys and sand pits. Children are international and, when they are little, they play the same games and use the same gestures and have the same enchantment in every country. There was a very good relation between the nannies and the children.

From Moscow, we went to the Ukraine by train. It took two nights and a day and the train crawled along a line that had been torn up and broken in the war. On either side of the line were the wrecks of trains, and every time our train stopped there was only a wrecked station and the rubble of a ruined village. We saw nothing but ruin in all that journey.

The first morning J. B. said, "I couldn't sleep last night. It sounded as if men were walking about the roof all night." And when we climbed out of the train and looked up, we saw he was right.

The broad roofs of the train were covered with recumbent figures and there were people between the coaches, riding on the buffers, mostly Red Army men going home. The train only did about fifteen miles an hour and they seemed in good spirits.

The second morning we crossed the wide Dnieper slowly, before dawn, and came to Kiev. Here, as always, we were met by writers, and a representative of the Ukraine Foreign Office because we were now in a different republic. Who would go to Paddington at 6 a.m. to meet a foreign writer?

Kiev, a city on the high Eastern bank of the river, is built on hills that look over the far

Mrs. J. B. Priestley accompanied her husband on a seven-week tour of the U.S.S.R., during which she travelled hundreds of miles and talked to the people she met in their own language. (She modestly says she speaks "a little" Russian.) Wife of a busy author and mother of a family, Mrs. Priestley has always found time to think about other people. She was a voluntary Probation Officer at Marylebone Police Court, and to-day interests herself in the building and management of schools for very small children.

horizon of a rolling plain. The middle streets of the town are rubble, but beyond, enough remains to show that Kiev was and will again be a beautiful city.

Here there was a different atmosphere. We walked round the streets early that morning and watched the people going to work and shopping. It was warm and the streets were lined with trees. Jackdaws were wheeling over the University building and I heard many familiar small birds too. People were wearing summer clothes and looked jolly. Moscow had been wrapped up and more shut in for the winter. Kiev, still in summer, wore light-heartedly a summer mood.

Free, Happy Atmosphere

We spent a delightful afternoon in a sort of Ranelagh, or perhaps it was more like Blenheim Park—a large park with woods and lakes. Some people had had country chalets there before the war. There were now only ruins left. But there was an excellent open air restaurant. There were boating and swimming on the lakes. There were nets for volley ball and secluded hammocks among the pines.

It was too big to be crowded, but there were many family parties enjoying their Sunday in the country. All these people were vigorous and gay and were extremely well dressed.

There is a free, happy atmosphere. Young people walk along arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand. We saw no drunkenness, no rowdiness anywhere at any time, though there was plenty of high spirits. The general impression was one of a vigorous people tremendously enjoying themselves.

An official luncheon in England can be very stiff and heavy. We are a reserved people. The Russians are different. Five minutes after a meal or a party begins you are all great friends and a sort of happy family Christmas party atmosphere prevails.

Plenty of toasts are drunk—vodka, white and red wine and champagne are plentiful, but again never once did we ever see a hint of bad manners or drunkenness. We had been warned that we would be expected to toss off glass after glass of vodka, but although it was offered with great hospitality, it was always possible to be as moderate as one would wish. Even in the peasants' cottages, where the hostess always wanted us to eat and drink like Gargantua, we were never pressed beyond friendly good manners.

We had two cars at the disposal of our party in Kiev. My husband went in a closed car and had long literary discussions with the Professor of English and a Ukraine dramatist. I followed with a shy young Voks official in an open car. The driver still wore army uniform, as he had only just been demobilised from a tank division. He had had ten tanks destroyed under him and survived. He had fought at Stalingrad, Leningrad and Berlin.

The Cossack Spirit

Do you remember the Cossack horsemen before the war in a circus or at Olympia? The fiery dash into the ring at full gallop? My ex-tank driver had that spirit. He drove the car at 100 kilometres an hour along a bumpy cobbled road full of potholes and loved to take both hands off the wheel, like a boy going down hill on a bicycle. I asked him to drive more slowly and he dropped to forty. Riding in his car was rather like a few hours on a switchback.

Before we left, he brought his wife and little daughter to see me. They were exquisitely neat and nicely dressed and rather shy. His pride in them was tremendous. But this little man was very serious and sad the day we drove out to a collective farm and he showed me a village where the three deep wells had been full of dead children when the retreating German army had passed.

The people in the country showed signs of the tremendous strain of the German occupation. They had aged far beyond their years and there were lines of grief in their faces they will never lose.

They were beginning to have such a good life before the war. The farms were prosperous; clothes and furniture were coming along. Every big farm had schools, nursery schools, crèches, clinics and welfare centres; often a theatre and a clubhouse. The good life was there, but now most of these amenities are destroyed.

Many of the buildings are temporary or inadequate and so much now has to be made all over again. But although they have a long way to go, there is no doubt in their minds. They know they can get what they want, and they are going to work for it. What the German armies have destroyed will be built up again. In republics not overrun by the enemy, as in Georgia and Armenia, the people know they can make a better life for everyone and that is what they are out for.

You can imagine that to spend seven weeks with such a people was a most heart-warming and stimulating experience. We travelled much before the war, but we have never met such warmth and friendliness, and this Russian journey leaves a glow in mind and in heart.—Yours sincerely,

MARY PRIESTLEY.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. George Isaacs, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I know how well you are tackling your immense job. But could you not do better still?

John Yarwood, who organises 73,000 members of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, tells of war factories lying idle in Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire They have the machine tools to produce the goods we badly need. They have contracts to keep them going for years. The raw materials they want can be found here in Britain or in the Colonies.

Labour is the bottleneck. Yet in Manchester 500 people a week are being sacked as "redundant" from one factory. In another works, a similar situation is causing angry mutterings.

In the public's eyes, such comparatively small instances may detract from your great achievement in switching over a million people and more in eight weeks. I suggest that you and Cripps together could speed the transition still more.

The Services must be made to release their manpower at the fastest possible rate. And labour must be provided for the factories which need it urgently.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice Cassels,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Though Nancy Cannell found you "one of the kindest men she had ever met," you could not be swayed by your own feelings and stretch the law so far as you could wish. So her seven small brothers and sisters must remain scattered in different orphanages.

Now twenty-two, widowed at eighteen, she struggled to keep them for months. Their mother had been killed in a fall from a 'bus, and had Nancy succeeded in her claim for compensation the other day she would have got £2,325 to make a home for them all again. Now she can visit them separately only once every two months.

I recognise that the law cannot be distorted for the sake of compassion. You, I am sure, will share my indignation that these children have been torn from each other. I refuse to believe that the local authority could not send them to a single home. And I am convinced that the treatment of orphans needs drastic reform.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel A. Duncan,
Perth Conservative Association

DEAR COLONEL,—It must be dreadful to be quite so frightened, and I am sorry for you. I can almost hear your knees knocking when you gaze "behind that little figure of Mr. Attlee and see row upon row of wild-looking men with long hair and threatening looks."

I admit I do not recognise in that description the scientists, lawyers, doctors and journalists who are so numerous in this very different new Parliament. But perhaps I lack your imagination. Of one thing I am sure—you are wrong in thinking that Herbert Morrison intends to abolish the Opposition.

Even if he were foolish enough to fulfil the gloomy predictions of some newspapers and proceeded to nationalise everything from brides to beer, he would certainly not end the private enterprise of your Party's leaders. They were so useful to him in the General Election with their "concentration camp" scares.

And people like you still are.—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE ISAACS AS SEEN BY KENNEDY

Mr. Tom Kennett,
Harpenden Urban Council, Herts

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on the protest which, as a new member, you have made against the council's passion for secrecy. Unfortunately, I can assure you that it has become common for local councils to sit in committee, so that the ratepayers never know what decisions have been made or why.

The war gave the hush-hush merchants a wonderful excuse for hiding facts which the public has a right to know. The peace should bring legislation compelling every council to hold open meetings and to forbid the whole council from going into committee.—JOHN BULL.

Professor John Desmond Bernal,
Birkbeck College, London University

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Science is no cure-all. For reality's sake, don't let us make a fetish of it! Of course, I agree that if we are to hold our own in the atomic age we shall need many more scientists. And, of course, you are right in urging that science must be introduced into the whole of our educational and social system.

But don't let us fool ourselves that this would bring peace on earth and good will among men. No old fogy, I yet feel with most people that the progress of science has outstripped man's ability to put it to good purpose.

What we want is not only more science but more social spirit among the nations. And the latter is the prime necessity of to-day.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Alfred Watts,
Dibden, near Southampton

DEAR SIR,—Don't take it to heart. It is true that the Army didn't want you, though it had summoned you for a military medical examination at the age of eighty-seven.

But there is still hope for you. The Home Guard has not yet been disbanded, and it includes quite a few old gentlemen who are presumably being kept in readiness for invasion of these shores by the men of Mars.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

MEASURE IT UP

IT IS, NO DOUBT, a commonplace to say that there are two sides to every question. But it is also inaccurate. For there are a dozen.

There are, in fact, probably as many points of view as there are individuals. That's what makes it so hard, when problems and difficulties confront us, to be quite sure that we are looking at things from the *right* point of view.

There's only one way to make reasonably sure—a way that needs a lot of practice, that involves a lot of self-discipline, self-knowledge, and unbiassed judgment.

For to pursue it with any hope of real value resulting you have to learn to step right outside yourself and your problems and view them with the cold and impartial eyes of a disinterested stranger. You have to cultivate the very difficult art of seeing yourself, as far as this can be done at all, as others see you

If you can do that, you'll be surprised to find how small and petty your own troubles often seem, and you'll learn to your amazement how big other people's troubles are.

You'll learn quickly that there's no sense whatever in pretending that molehills are mountains; and that it's equally futile to treat mountains as though they were only molehills.

Argument

SHOULD JURIES RECOGNISE THE "UNWRITTEN LAW"?

Yes

1. The jury is a cross-section of public opinion. If the jurors think an accused person is not morally guilty, they have a right to say so.

2. Any limitations of the juror's freedom of opinion would destroy a keystone of our liberty.

3. When the penalty for sheep-stealing was death, juries often found men "Not guilty" because the punishment was too great for the crime. Whenever this is so—as it still is to-day in certain crimes of passion—the power of the jury to defeat the law is a useful safeguard against the law's harshness.

4. Though the law distinguishes between murder and the crime of an outraged husband, this distinction is tied up in somewhat artificial rules. Juries are right at times to reject such rules as unreal.

5. Recommendation to mercy has no binding effect and is often disregarded, for a judge fears his actions will set up a rule. Juries can only ensure mercy by a 'Not guilty" verdict.

6. It is right that while the law judges only the crime the jury should judge the man.

7. Judges are sometimes old and set in their views. From a human standpoint, especially, a judge is not certain to be wiser than a jury.

No

1. To tolerate private vengeance is to undermine all law.

2. A jury is bound by oaths to give honest judgment as to fact. Mercy is the province of the judge.

3. Juries are easily misled by dramatic pleas from skilled counsel whereas the judge is not.

4. "Members of the jury, ask yourselves, what would you have done?" In crimes of passion the right answer is: "I might have done the same, and so might many a man, *but it is precisely because such dangerous impulses are widespread that the law must punish them.*"

5. The law knows, in its wisdom, that mercy for the accused must be balanced against the question of public safety. Juries, swayed by emotion, are apt to ignore this.

6. Those who kill for jealousy or "honour" are rarely admirable characters. They lack control, and have an inflated idea of their importance.

7. Once let it be known (as in France) that in certain *crimes passionels* no court will convict, and the number of such cases increases—proof that far more calculation enters into such killings than is supposed.

ANY FOOL CAN'T DRIVE A CAR

One person in seven is destined to be killed or injured on British roads. One child in thirty will have a road accident before he leaves school. A sinister prediction—but likely to be true, unless we take HERBERT HODGE's advice

I SOMETIMES THINK that man's most deadly invention (more deadly even than the atom bomb) was that convenient little motor-car gadget: the self-starter.

In the old days, when you had to crank your engine—and to know the right throttle setting, the right ignition setting, and so on—few people attempted to drive a car unless they had a certain amount of mechanical ability, and the judgment that usually goes with it.

Driving, in those days, was an art. The motor driver was regarded as a highly skilled man with a great responsibility.

But the invention of the self-starter, synchromesh gears, and the rest, made it seem that any fool could drive a car.

The result—as you can see by standing for ten minutes on any street corner—is that many people are driving cars to-day who've got no more idea of the art of driving than a child of three.

I've been driving for over twenty-seven years now, and I don't think I've ever seen such bad manners on the road as I've seen during these last few months.

If accidents continue at their present rate, one person in every seven is destined to be killed or injured in a road accident. One child in every thirty will meet with a road accident before his schooldays are over.

Saving Silly People

Once the accident's happened, it's often difficult to prove who was to blame. But the figures show one thing clearly. Nine out of ten road accidents are caused by personal failings. Somebody, on the spur of the moment, has done something daft.

We're all liable to do that. Not one of us can look back on our road experience and honestly say that we've never done anything daft. At least, I can't. The best I can say is that by trying to be careful I've helped to save other people from the consequences of their silly actions and that other people have helped to save me from the consequences of mine.

As a result, I've had very few accidents. But how much of that has been due to my own good judgment and how much to the good judgment of others, I'd find it hard to say.

The latest figures I've seen on the causes of accidents put most of the blame on pedestrians, with drivers a close second, and cyclists third. But it's always as well to remember that the victim can't talk at the inquest.

Besides, when the pedestrian and the cyclist make a mistake, they are usually the ones who suffer. But when the motor-driver makes a mistake the consequences are likely to be terrible for others.

Therefore, it seems to me the onus of avoiding accidents is mainly on us drivers. It isn't enough that we should do the right thing ourselves. We've got to drive on the assumption that at any moment someone else will do the wrong thing.

The Red Light

Personally, I try never to take anything for granted. Not even a green traffic-light. You never know whether the other chap has noticed the red light against him until you've seen him actually stop.

Some of my passengers tell me I'm slow. It's astonishing how few people realise that the man who is violently accelerating, violently braking, and forever blowing his horn, isn't getting there any sooner.

The driver who gets to his destination quickest, across a traffic-congested town, is the man who maintains a constant, steady progress.

While the slapdash driver is jamming on his brakes at every red light, the steady driver is fiddling his way through on the greens.

I've proved it again and again. The fast car has passed me and dashed away out of sight. A few minutes later I've passed that same fast car, stuck in a traffic block.

Besides, somebody's got to give way. And that somebody might as well be me. I'll get there just the same. And with far less wear-and-tear on tyres and brakes and nerves.

I do a lot of driving at night—along those innocent looking suburban roads. I've slowed up and changed down for the crossings. Night after night I've done it—fifty or a hundred times for nothing. And I've sometimes begun to think it was all a bit unnecessary. But the very next night, maybe, it's saved my life.

The Ministry of Transport has promised us safer roads in the future—special motorways, and that kind of thing.

It's no use waiting for the roads to be made safe for US. We've got to make ourselves safe for the roads. How can we do it?

Well, the faults of pedestrians, it seems to me, are best left to the pedestrians to remedy. The faults of cyclists are a matter for the cyclist. It's quite enough for the motor-driver to look at his own faults, and see what he can do to put them right.

Speaking as a driver, then, here are my suggestions:

In the first place, I'd stop people parking cars in busy streets. It isn't only that a line of cars parked against the kerb makes the street a car-width narrower, and in some cases almost impassable for traffic. Every parked car is a potential death-trap for a pedestrian, since it obstructs the driver's view of people crossing the road.

Road Not a Garage

No one's got the right to use the public highway as a free garage. It gets worse every day. If this kind of thing goes on the traffic in many a crowded city street will be brought to a complete standstill.

It has been objected that there aren't enough garages to accommodate everybody, and the Government is going to find the money and labour for underground car-parks. I suggest that, while we're waiting for them to be built, we use some of the many bombed sites. They'd make splendid car-parks, and incidentally provide work for a large number of men.

A two- or three-minute walk from shop or office to the parking place will hurt nobody. The convenience of the few must make way for the needs of the many.

"Somebody, on the spur of the moment has done something daft"

Then I'd like to see a much more searching driving test. It isn't enough to be able to repeat the Highway Code and know how to handle the controls. At the moment, of course, many people are driving who have never passed a test. Driving tests were suspended during the war, while many new drivers came on the road. In 1943 alone over half a million provisional licences were issued.

These people can't all be tested for some time to come. But I think they should be compelled to display "P" plates on their cars—both to warn others and to remind themselves that they are not yet experienced drivers.

As for the driving test itself—we need more than a test for a driver's knowledge. We need a test of his judgment. One way of doing it is the method used in some motor-schools. The driver sits in a dummy car and meets the typical hazards of the road on a cinema screen—while his reactions are recorded.

Mind-Test for Motorists

When I visited the United States a couple of years ago I was invited to speak at the National Safety Convention, held in Chicago. While there I was shown an American method of testing the driver's judgment. It's a psychological test.

There are forty questions about driving. You have to answer the lot in ten minutes. There is no "correct" answer to any one of them. It's all a matter of what you think—of your own individual judgment. And by the time you've answered all forty the examiner has a pretty good idea of what kind of a person you are—whether you're a careful type, a cocky type, an easily bewildered type, and so on.

The most searching question of all, I think, is the last. You are shown a long line of dots, with the words VERY POOR at one end and EXPERT at the other. And you are asked to indicate the kind of driver you think you are by putting your mark somewhere along that line.

The manager of a big haulage firm, who showed me this test, told me that he'd tried it out on his own drivers. And it worked. The men who showed up badly on the test were the men who had the accidents on the road.

Then there's car construction. I'd like to see the driving seat on all cars put right up at the front, like the 'bus driver's, and the passenger's seat set back, so that the driver's view is not obstructed on his near side. Once you've driven a 'bus you get the wind-up in the average little family saloon.

The Ministry of Transport and the Public Carriage Office knew what they were about when they forbade the 'bus driver and the London cab driver to have a passenger sitting beside them.

Thirty Mile Speed Limit

Then there's speed. If a speed-limit of thirty miles an hour is good enough for commercial and public vehicles, I feel it's good enough for private cars. Or forty, at the outside. I've yet to meet the man or woman I'd trust on our average winding English roads at speeds in excess of forty miles an hour. If that isn't fast enough, there's always the railway. Or the race-track.

But when all is said and done, this problem of keeping death off the roads really boils down to one thing—good manners. Doing unto others as you would they should do unto you.

I can remember the days—not so long ago—when, meeting a car at the cross-roads, you'd beckon the other man on. And he'd touch his cap in acknowledgment. It was considered the thing to do.

There were no traffic lights then. We had to depend on each other's courtesy.

And that's just what we need now—individual courtesy.

There's no law you can pass and no device you can make that doesn't depend, in the last resort, entirely on the behaviour of the individual,

THE LIBERALS HAVEN'T LOST

"It is not Liberalism but Toryism that is dead," said Clement Davies. And the Liberals can work with Labour on many points says

HANNEN SWAFFER

HAS THE LIBERAL PARTY any future? Will it merge with the Tories or with Labour? Why should it continue?

These questions have been asked ever since the General Election. Then Sir Archibald Sinclair, Sir Percy Harris and even Sir William Beveridge lost their seats, 64 Liberal candidates sacrificed their deposits and only a dozen were elected.

Everywhere, except in Wales, which returned seven Liberals, and in solitary constituencies in Dorsetshire, Suffolk, Cumberland, Cornwall and the East Riding, the once-great Party which held office under Gladstone, Rosebery, Asquith and Lloyd George was exterminated!

In my boyhood, Liberalism was the great emancipator. It was a shouting challenge to privilege whose power has since been ended.

And its burning fire, which illumined the dark places of Europe, is only a flicker.

"You have not lost," I once said to Lloyd George in his closing years. "Your Party is dead because it has won—because, its objectives reached, it has no longer any war-cry."

And, a day or two after the election last July, I said the same thing to Sir Archibald Sinclair, the rejected leader, partly to console him but also because I thought it true.

Cold Comfort

When I saw a head-shaking dissent by Sir Archibald, who stood with the son he had probably hoped would follow him in the leadership, I added, "There will always be a need for a small Liberal group to remind us, in the inevitable days of ever-increasing organisation, of the necessity of preserving individual freedom."

But that seemed cold comfort to a man whose political dreams had been shattered.

To-day, the hopes of Liberalism seem even more desperate. In the by-elections, Labour's vote has increased—and Liberalism's has shrunk still smaller!

Well, ours is by tradition a two-Party country, in which, called by changing names, the Right and the Left wage an eternal battle, and in which most other combatants are likely to be slaughtered between the two big forces.

It is a fight, to-day, between Socialism and the Conservatives, one in which the Old Guard of Toryism oppose, with baffled desperation, the onward march of the millions who demand a new order of Society.

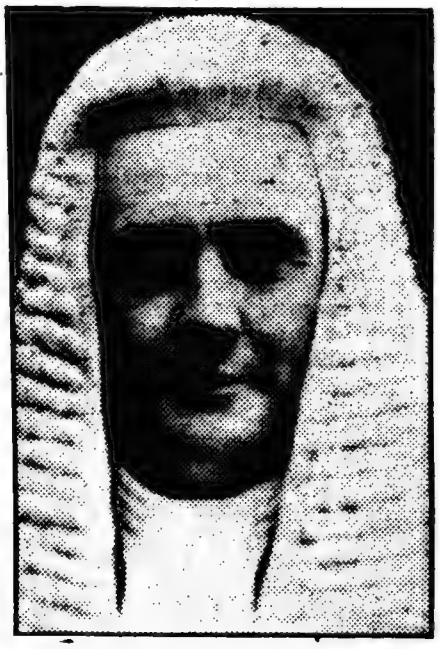
A Lifelong Battle

In the Commons, the leadership of the small, but capable, handful of Liberals has passed into the hands of Clement Davies, a Radical K.C., who has waged a lifelong battle for betterment, and who went even further than did the Socialists in his election address. For he advocated not only the nationalisation of coal, transport and electricity, as they did, but also the nationalisation of the land!

Indeed, the new Liberal leader's opening speech to the new Parliament was one of congratulation.

Of Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, he said, as an instance: "Those of us who have watched him know his great ability, his great courage and his great heart, always beating on behalf of those who are suffering."

He went even further—"Speaking on behalf of the 2,500,000 people who voted Liberal, we can all rejoice at the end of the Tory regime, at the end of reaction and chaos. . . . We wish this Government well. We want them to show backbone, determination and courage. If they fail, they will do permanent injury to the cause of democracy throughout the world."



"It is liberty that matters," says Clement Davies, K.C., leader of the Liberals

This bold speech must have annoyed the Whigs who still remain in the Liberal Party. Indeed, in the "Liberal Magazine" for November, I read how Elliott Dodds demands, "We must fight the Labour Party for the sake of Labour as well as for the sake of the country."

But—what is "we," whoever it means, to fight about? For in the official Liberal manifesto, which was issued just before the election, these words appear:

"Railways, with the large part of road transport controlled by them, are a monopoly and should be treated as a public utility on a national plan.

"Electric power should also be reorganised as a public utility.

"Civil aviation must serve the common interest of mankind.

"The coal-mining industry is inefficient and is losing ground . . . The industry should be a public service in which the miners can feel that they are working for the benefit of the whole community."

There, in plain words, is wholehearted support for Labour's main proposals—and it was signed by Sir Archibald Sinclair, Lord Samuel, Sir William Beveridge, Sir Percy Harris, Lady Violet Bonham Carter and Lady Megan Lloyd George.

"It must be made clear beyond any manner of doubt," now says Elliott Dodds, "that the Liberal Party is 100 per cent. opposed to Socialism."

But it is because national control of coal, transport and civil aviation is Socialism that the Tories are now opposing it!

When Clement Davies and I had surveyed, together, the long fight in the Liberal Party between the Whigs and the Radicals—Gladstone *v.* Joseph Chamberlain and Asquith *v.* Lloyd George, for instance—I put to him the question that so many are asking: "What is the Liberal Party's future?"

He and I have so much in common, both politically and as individuals.

"I want man to enjoy, to the full, his spiritual liberties," replied the new Liberal leader. "That he cannot do unless he has economic security.

Radicals and Labour

"But the time may come when economic security may be stressed at the expense of liberty. That is when a break would come.

"Those of us Liberals who are Radical-minded have a great part to play. But those who are not, will, in my opinion, join the Tories.

"You ask me, 'Will the Radicals ever join Labour?' I think not. They will have a great part to play if ever democracy is endangered. Always fighters on the Left and always opposing the Right, they must retain their unity as apostles of individual freedom.

"It is not Liberalism but Toryism that is dead.

"A Liberal will always burn with a passion for the right of individual expression. But if a Tory ceases to be a Conservative, he ceases to be a Tory. And Conservatism is dead and all but buried.

"It has no policy. It is only a protest. The country has no use for a negative programme.

"As for our refusal to join Labour's ranks, there are many Communists with totalitarian minds already inside it—and it is totalitarianism in all forms that we fight.

"Personally, I can walk a long way with the Socialists in getting for the masses as much economic security as is possible.

"But even economic security can be bought at too high a price. If that price rose unduly, I should rebel.

Alert and Active

"Always, Liberalism has opposed tyranny and fought privilege in all its forms—arrogant monarchies, oligarchies and proud peers. It has been a continuous battle for the individual, one that has gone on for many generations.

"We Liberals never forget. For, in the future, the old battle may have to start again. We are an eternal reminder that it is liberty that matters."

To-day, however, Liberalism's strength has gone in all but outlying places. It could only be revived if Labour failed—and that the majority of Liberals, all enemies of the Tories, would regard as a national calamity.

Meanwhile, it keeps a watchful eye on events that are transforming history. It is alert. It is active. It is a warning.

THE MEN

WHILE YOU ARE SIPPING your tea at breakfast with one eye on the clock, or glancing out of the window to see whether it's foggy, you may not realise that the men who grow the sugar for your cup are probably already out there in the fields harvesting your next year's ration. Which can be darned unpleasant in wintry weather.

"Well," you may say, "that's their job, and I've got mine. I suppose they get paid for it?"

They do, but not much. Seventy shillings a week.

When I tried tractor driving four years ago the wages were scandalous. Forty-eight bob. Nobody cared about farm wages: the war was getting too close.

But now we've won "peace"—without the "plenty."

"The world food shortage is extremely serious," says Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture. And it concerns everyone that the men who grow Britain's food are asking for a rise.

This is the second time they have had to petition for it. Something exorbitant? No, just a modest weekly reward of £4 10s.

Indeed, the resolution which the National Union of Agricultural Workers is putting before the Agricultural Wages Board asks one or two small things more. The most revealing is:

"That employment on all six public holidays be defined as overtime and that hours in respect of weekly minimum wage be reduced to forty-eight per week all the year round."

Read that carefully, if you please. It tells a lot about agricultural working conditions.

Now, nobody knows better than the farmer that he cannot grow the food that the country needs so much unless he has the right men. If the Government's newly announced agricultural policy means that he will be able to get town-level wages and working conditions for his hands he will be eager to do so. On this, the recent Policy Report of the National Farmers' Union talked sound common-sense.

"A sufficient supply of efficient and con-

N WHO GROW OUR FOOD

There's precious little romance about farm-work. It blisters your hands and breaks your back. You work long hours for little pay. Agricultural workers are skilled men and deserve the pay and status of the men who work in industry

by JOHN MAY

Hoeing looks easy—but it requires a good deal of experience and it's back-breaking work

tented labour will not be forthcoming unless the conditions of employment are comparable with those obtaining in other industries."

I know a bit about "comparable conditions" in town and farm jobs.

Lots of people see farms only in summertime. My town friends talk about the "romance" of going "back to the land."

Farmwork is about as romantic as building, or transport, or any other job.

When I started, two of us had to pitch literally tons of hay daily into a baler high above our heads. My hands were so blistered and stiff in the mornings that I could not turn a door knob. In a month I lost a stone in weight, and grew six inches less around my waist!

What with sweat and dust, I discovered that haymaking is one of the dirtiest jobs of the year. You did not know that, perhaps?

Those Darned Whiskers

I was green, of course. Hardened up a bit, I began to like it. But lifting hundredweight bags of potatoes all day, carrying sacks of wheat on your shoulders weighing twice as much as a nine-stone man, pitching heavy sheaves on to a cart for fourteen hours, or stacking "bearded barley" on a windy day with the darned whiskers coming off it and making a proper "hair-shirt" of your vest to rub your back raw—this is the kind of toil that makes a townsman, as I was then, simply wish to fold up.

Compare with office and factory conditions the air round the threshing tackle when you cannot see two yards. Men put out their dinner-time fags because, when they try to smoke, the dust they have swallowed rakes their chests inside. It would make a factory inspector gibber about air-conditioning and extractor fans for a month of Mondays!

Compare the office or factory canteen with a chap standing in a ditch under the hedge to shelter from wind and rain. He has a sodden sack round his shoulders, drinks cold tea and munches bread with a bit of cheese—if there's any left.

I don't deny that stacking and thatching, hedging, and—best of all—ploughing are fine jobs. which brings up another point from the N.F.U. Report:

"An experienced agricultural worker is a skilled craftsman and is entitled to be paid accordingly."

Now, I dare to say, the real "unskilled labourers" are some of the people in factories, shops and offices. They are busy doing jobs which girls or boys could master in a few hours.

They would be useless beside so-called unskilled labour on a farm.

There are four ways to lay a sheaf of corn when stacking, but only one is right. Put a townsman on a stack and he will throw the sheaf wrong way round into your face, then dab you in the calf with his pitchfork. I did it; I had it done to me. Put him stacking, and the stack won't stand overnight unless you use "lawyers" (props) to shore it up.

Setting a plough to cut each slice the same width and depth, turn it aright, and leave the furrow clean—this is a minor science.

The point is that money talks, and he who has to listen most attentively is the family man. As the N.F.U. puts it:

"If the highly skilled farmhand's wages are treated as the lowest payable to any class of worker, and any increase in his wage is immediately treated on principle as a ground for putting the wages of other labourers on a still higher footing, the possibility of establishing his proper position in the labour market will disappear."

And so will he disappear—off the farms. And who will grow the food then? Not the skilled man, nor his children.

Some farmworkers would stay on the land despite low wages, if other factors did not drive them away. Such as the wife's desire for a decent home.

One of the "advantages" of working on a farm, according to people who work elsewhere, is that often you live in a cottage rent free. But there are just as many rural slums as there are urban slums. The N.F.U. understates the case when it says: "Of social amenities, the most urgent is housing."

Then there is the farmhand's other "advantage," free milk. Actually many farmhands pay for milk, at a reduced price. In the town phrase, they "get a discount."

But town people mostly used to pay only trade price for the products their firms dealt in pre-war. So I suggest they had better just shut up about the few pence farmhands save on their weekly milk bill.

Free milk, even when it is free, can't be such a draw. Says the Farmers' Union:

"Provision should also be made to allow for a considerable increase in the number of workers employed in milk production, so that there may be some reduction in the overtime which is now worked as normal practice on dairy farms.

"Failing such conditions, it is doubtful whether the necessary labour to increase milk production will be forthcoming."

That puts it mildly. Every cowman I know has cautioned me, living and working in a dairy farming district, *not to learn to milk*. Several farmworkers of my acquaintance hide the fact that they ever sat under a cow.

It's Killing Work

The 5 a.m. start and 6 p.m. finish seven days a week winter and summer is killingly monotonous.

Labour shortage makes it worse for existing cowmen. Always the cows have to be milked, twice or thrice a day, for ever more. Milking-machines make only a slight difference. Holidays and half-days just mean that somebody else has to do more.

Suitable houses would bring more men into the ranks of cowmen, perhaps. This would automatically mean more free time. And eventually more milk. The crying shame of Britain's dairying to-day is that the cows are often better housed than the men who milk them.

All farmers know this, and want it changed. But that is not all they want for their workers:

"Improved living accommodation must be accompanied by improved transport facilities to give the workers ready access to their work and reasonable means of visiting the nearest town for shopping, recreational and educational purposes."

And are these fair demands: the new farm wages? The amenities which the Farmers' Union asks for its workers?

They are not only fair. They are urgent, because so long overdue. Farm conditions of work in some ways are still almost feudal. Toil without end, a hovel for home, little money and less leisure.

In my view, it is the fair-minded townsman's concern to help change this.

The official agricultural training scheme for ex-Servicemen is a flop. The Land Girls are being released. Demobbed pre-war landworkers say: "We would like to go back, but not for that money."

This is serious. It hits us all where it hurts most—in the stomach.

So something's got to change, or who's going to grow our grub?

HE CAN'T GET THE MUD OFF HIS BOOTS

John May (left) is broad-shouldered, shortish, and thirty-seven. Explains himself as a town-country cross, with one parent of Cockney extraction, the other from rural Hertfordshire. As a trade journalist he travelled urban Britain visiting shops, wholesale depots, factories and exhibitions devoted to radio sets. Threw up office work in London after the blitz finished because it seemed more useful to grow food. Became a tractor driver, thus indulging a life ambition to do farmwork. Now finds he can neither get the mud off his boots nor the ink out of his blood. Lives on an Essex farm, hoping one day to have a farm of his own. Wants to get around and see rural Britain first.

FREE SPEECH

HE'S FIGHTING FIT AT FORTY

"Top-dog" Dynamos. Discreet Registration Officers. Second-hand jewellery racket. Dream-like wage-packets. Human nature doesn't change. These courteous customers

WHEN WAR TIME BRITAIN needed men, the cruel slur of "too old at forty" was forgotten and workers as old as that came into their own. I was a rescue worker throughout the war. At thirty-eight I passed out driving everything from light cars to ambulances and heavy duty vehicles.

When the service was practically shut down we had no long leave or chance to find other jobs. We were directed to the Employment Exchange.

A superintendent friend of mine was directed to a job as lamp cleaner. Another who was in charge of men during the war was put on pick and shovelling.

We all grow old, but we don't lose the power to learn at forty. Youth is brilliant. It has energy, dash and high spirits. Youth will justify our faith. Make no mistake about that. But the man of my age can also play a part—if he's given the chance.

He must not be forced to be the navvy, the bin-emptier, the shopwalker or the porter if he has the drive for better jobs At the moment public appointments are closed to him He never has the luck even to be tested for mental capacity. Every brain should be reckoned of use to Britain in these ticklish days.—F. D. WALKER, Sheffield.

WHEN THE LAST WAR ENDED, I was just forty—and the firm I had worked for reckoned I was too old to take on again. Ever since it's been the same story. I could get temporary jobs, but nothing permanent was open to a middle-aged labourer.

Now I am sixty-seven. I get 3s. 6d. a day as a sandwichman. I live in one of the London institutions for poor old chaps like me and I am perfectly happy, and still fit enough to walk ten miles a day. But if there had not been that "too old at forty" cry, I might have had a home of my own to-day.—JOSEPH BROWNRIDGE (address supplied).

Russian Bear—

THANK YOU, Mr. Editor, for your fine article about Russia (JOHN BULL, November 24). I fear the way in which this great ally of ours is being shunned. To me, Russia seems like a great shaggy dog who wants so much to be friends and to be trusted, but who, like a faithful dog, knows when those she respects are not friendly in return.—Miss MARGERY CROMPTON, 49, Abbott's Crescent, Highams Park, E.4.

—Or Top Dog?

PLAYING FOOTBALL with Russia will not improve our relations. They want to be "top dog" just as much as we do. You cannot have keen competition in a friendly kind of way, however ideal that would be. The loser always waits for his revenge.—W. YOUNG, 6, Roman Avenue, Leeds 8.

Looking on the Bright Side

WE HAVE READ so many warnings of future warfare with atomic bombs that I think we should all be issued with a phial of deadly poison instead of the gas masks we had last time.—C. H. BELDAM, Avery House, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

Nurse Told Off

WHEN I WAS A NURSE we were not allowed to go into the dining-room without a hat. On one occasion, I was standing in the hospital grounds talking to my fiancé when the matron reprimanded me severely for allowing him to escort me as far as the nurses' quarters. It was most humiliating. It is about time something was done to abolish these petty restrictions on nurses.—E. S., Portland.

"First-Class" All Through

WHY DO RAILWAY COMPANIES keep so many first-class compartments on local rush-hour trains? I hardly ever manage to get a seat in the third-class, whereas there are always three or four first-class compartments nearly empty.

This seems unfair in my case and no

"No seats in the third-class"

doubt in hundreds of others, because I am on my feet all day and have to do my domestic work when I get home. I know that the railways have done their bit in this war, but the workers have been first-class all through!—G. B., Ashton-under-Lyne.

New Name for Nothing

THE ARGUMENT FOR AND AGAINST identity cards was interesting (JOHN BULL, November 24). The people who complain loudest about identity cards and registration of various kinds are usually leading a complicated life—nearly always it is a case of a man or woman living with someone to whom they are not married.

The authorities know this quite well and wherever possible they have rules to help. For instance, a woman can have her ration book issued in the name of the man with whom she is living and can, after a period of six months, have her identity card changed as well. The only condition is that the change is made honestly and that it is not done for some ulterior purpose.

I have been greatly helped by my local National Registration Officer, but would, naturally, rather you did not print my name or address.—Mrs. D., Birmingham.

Telepathy

DURING MY SEA-GOING career I have often been aware of a kind of telepathy between men at sea and their homes ashore. Time after time, I have heard a shipmate suddenly exclaim, "The wife is ill," or "There is something wrong at home." Their fears always turned out to be justified.—S. WARNER, A.B., Wimborne, Dorset.

"Propaganda At Its Best"

FULL MARKS TO THE BOROUGH of St. Marylebone. My baby was a year old the other day and by the first post came a neat little birthday card from the Town Hall. It was a very gracious reminder of the advantages of immunisation against diphtheria. Little personal touches like this are propaganda at its best. I wonder how many other local authorities are so thoughtful?—MRS. I. CHADWICK, New Cavendish Street, W.1.

Rising Market

CANNOT SOMETHING BE DONE about the second-hand jewellery racket? My brother sold an unwanted ring for £7 to a London firm. A week later he was amazed to see the ring in their shop offered for £27 10s.—CPL. J. G. SNELL, 1 Coy., 15 L. of C. Signals, C.M.F.

Extra Charge

JUST RECENTLY my landlady, who is an old age pensioner, needed some new corsets and had to get a certificate for them from her doctor. He charged her 3s. 6d. for it.

The charge for corsets is high enough, without any extra for the doctor. I have

"A certificate for corsets"

had certificates from my doctor on many occasions and he has never charged me for them, although I know that many doctors charge 1s.—A. E. P., Shipley, Yorks.

All is not Gold

I'M GLAD Herbert Hodge has taken up the cudgels against small wages and high prices (JOHN BULL, December 1).

Can't we see the danger-signal? Strikes are a sure measure of our unstable economy. Men strike chiefly because they cannot live on pre-war wages in post-war conditions. And the whole community suffers because of their action.

I cannot see what is gained by rising costs and the consequent need for higher wages. The average man has to make adjustments somehow—even by striking. Our dream-like wage-packets will soon have about as much value as those 1,000-mark German notes our friends used to sell us for 2d. after the last war.—RONALD COOK, Retford, Yorkshire.

HERBERT HODGE, writing on wages, seems to have overlooked the subject of Government subsidies.

The average man would be staggered at the amount of money spent in this way to keep prices down.

What people don't realise is that the taxpayer provides the subsidies. Therefore, he is paying much in excess of the already exorbitant prices.

The whole relationship between wages, cost of living and taxes should be studied now before the country is plunged into inflation and widespread strikes.—TOM CAWLEY, Camden Town, N.W.

I WAS READING Herbert Hodge's excellent article on wages during a train journey. Two fellow-passengers happened to be discussing the same subject. It shows how timely it is.

They had just been demobbed and were comparing the difference between Army and civilian pay.

"When I was away, I heard about youths in Britain earning £10 and £15 a week," said one. "It made my blood boil while we were sweating in a jungle on a few shillings a day.

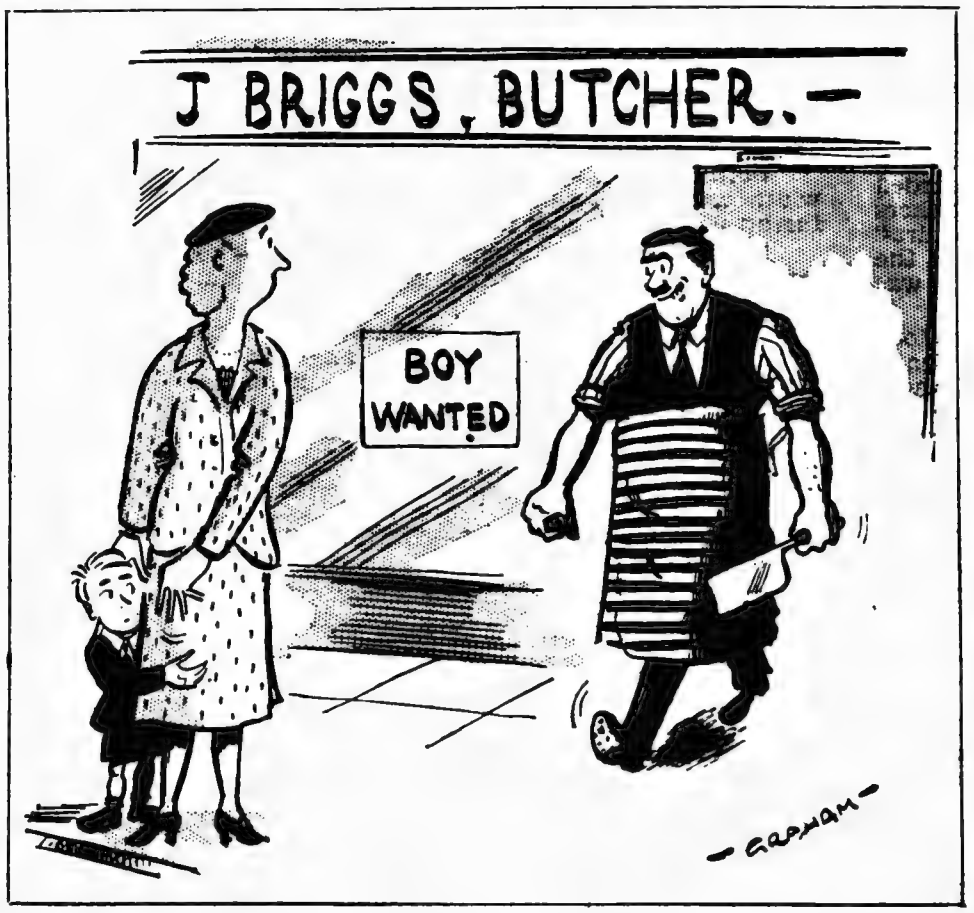
"Now I'm beginning to see how impossible it is to live on present-day civilian wages—let alone pre-war pay.

"The value of money is topsy-turvy. With free keep, free clothes, free travel, family allowances, cheap cigarettes and entertainment, I was much better off in the Army. We were more or less certain of a roof over our heads and our clothes and food."

Thousands of demobbed men are facing hardships and difficulties due to our unreal economy. I hope JOHN BULL will tackle this big problem of fluctuating wages.—WAR-WORKER, Hayes, Middlesex.

Inhuman Nature

THE WRITER OF "HUMAN MACHINE" thinks you can change human nature (JOHN BULL, November 24). Can you? In the last two or three hundred years we are supposed to have learnt more respect



for human life and liberty. Highway robbery has almost died out as a profession, but some property owners have been playing the game with only slightly different rules lately.

Nowadays we are supposed to believe in freedom of religion. So, instead of a martyr or two dying on the rack, we get whole populations wiped out by people who do not agree with their ideas.

Human nature does not change; evil-doing comes out in different forms according to the prevailing fashion.—L. F., Rush Green Road, Romford, Essex.

Non-Starter

GOOD LUCK to M. L., of Canterbury, if she keeps a family of four on £3 a week (JOHN BULL, November 24). She is a miracle. I have not managed it yet, and there is only my small son and myself. I am not considered extravagant or careless with money. Woe betide me if I get only £3 a week when my husband comes out of the Forces. I shall end up in a mental home.—Mrs. H. E. ROBERTS, 4, Carisbrooke Road, Brighton 7, Sussex.

Penny Nap

SOME SMALL BOYS have a good idea how to make quick money. On holiday, I was stopped by two little boys who wanted two halfpennies for a penny.

"He gave them a penny"

I gave them the halfpennies and very reluctantly got the penny.

A few minutes later I saw one of the boys ask for a penny for two halfpennies (for mother's gas, no doubt). The old man they stopped gave them a penny and waved aside the halfpennies. That was the game, of course.—MRS. MCMINN, 13, Shawe Avenue, Nuneaton.

How Long is "Duration?"

MONTHS AGO I passed my medical and was accepted for the Royal Marines. The recruiting officer told me I was signed on for the duration of the war. Now that we are at peace the Government have not told us how long we are expected to serve. I'm not worried about going into the Forces, but I would like an idea of how long I shall be there.—JOHN E. WOOLHAM, 52, Ashworth Street, Failsworth, near Manchester.

Soft Soap

SOAP RATIONING is unfair to-day. Here in Leicester we find it difficult to keep our things as clean as we would like on the soap we get. On a visit to Plymouth, where the water is soft, I found that only two-thirds was needed.

When I went to Swindon where the water is really hard I wondered how poor housewives manage at all.—C. W. E., Staveley Road, Leicester.

Buying With a Smile

RETURNING TO "CIVVY STREET," I have started to work as a commercial traveller. It's a real pleasure calling on customers these days. Everyone is courteous and civil.

Of course, the shortage of supplies is one reason, but I hope this pleasanter way of trading will stay when goods are plentiful again.—M. S. A., Dalston, E.8.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WATCH YOUR CHEMIST

What goes on behind that ground-glass screen at the chemist's shop? Sometimes that screen is a veil to cover dishonest profit-making. Don't be hoodwinked by the "inner sanctum" atmosphere of a dispensary, says

GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

"Many prescriptions handed out by busy doctors are nothing more than stock remedies"

YOU'VE READ IN THE PAPERS how general practitioners everywhere are being overworked. One direct result is that more and more doctors are getting into the habit of prescribing proprietary remedies because it saves time and trouble.

Most of these medicines are obtainable at any pharmacy without a prescription. Certain unscrupulous chemists are turning this new trend to their personal advantage.

Let us suppose, for example, that a proprietary tonic is available in 12-oz. bottles and that 4s. 6d. is the retail price. If an ordinary customer comes in and asks for it he is handed the full bottle in its original package.

But if he hands in a doctor's prescription some chemists retire behind their ground-glass screen, decant some of the tonic into an 8-oz. bottle, stick on their own label, and unblushingly charge 4s. 6d. for the lesser quantity.

The remaining 4 oz. are set aside against the arrival of the next mug! Every third customer thus means 100 per cent. profit!

Then there is the question of ordinary prescriptions. One reader who has occasion to travel a little is puzzled at the discrepancy in charges for making up a simple prescription.

"So far," he complains, "I have been charged the following prices for exactly the same thing. 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. Perhaps the water rate varies in certain districts?"

"Two-Bottle" Trick

And have you encountered the two-bottle trick? You ask for a household remedy. The chemist produces two bottles and permits a lightning inspection. "Which size?" he asks, "2s. or 3s. 6d.?"

The inference he wishes you to draw is that the larger size is the better buy. Most people fall for it. But if they could compare the bottles, they would find that one is an 8-oz., the other 12-oz.

Thus, if 2s. is a fair price for the smaller bottle, the correct price for the larger should be 3s. The chemist has made an extra 6d.

Some people think that there should be a regulation compelling chemists to display a current price-list of all articles. At the moment a customer has no check, and as the majority of goods sold in a pharmacy are unmarked, he is entirely at the mercy of the chemist.

Twice recently, when making multiple purchases, a reader queried the total charged. In each case there was an error which would have given the chemist 33 per cent. more than he was entitled to had it gone undetected. As the shops involved were in different districts it certainly makes you think.

Easy to Mix

Many prescriptions handed out by busy doctors, despite all their impressive hieroglyphics are nothing more than stock remedies which have been accepted specifics in medicine for over half a century.

Especially is this true of cough mixtures, gargles and mouth washes, tonics and embrocations. In most cases the ingredients required are simple and plentiful. Their cost is negligible and little or no skill is required in their compounding.

Yet chemists appear to be able to fix their own charges for all these old stand-bys. Some seem to think that they are entitled to a truly preposterous profit.

In fairness, it must be admitted that an allowance should be made for the district where a shop is situated. Thus, a chemist with premises in the West End of London or in the best quarter of a large provincial city may naturally be assumed to have very much higher overheads to meet than his colleague in suburban or rural areas. Even so, the rate of profit is often far higher than can be justified.

A woman reader supplies an example of the way in which some chemists deliberately trade upon the ignorance of their customers. She took a very simple prescription, one she had often had made up before, to a strange chemist.

To her surprise he began to indulge in a little play-acting. He put on his spectacles, studied the prescription with furrowed brows, and announced portentously that he would "do his best" to get it made up that day.

Previously our reader had had the same prescription dispensed while she waited. She also knew something about the ingredients.

When she began to air her knowledge the chemist climbed down immediately. He agreed that he could make it up at once. And his charge was quite reasonable.

There are other mean little tricks which are very widely practised. Sometimes a martyr to indigestion will dash into a chemist's shop for some bicarbonate of soda. A small draught, given across the counter, may cost him 6d. The true value may be a fraction of a farthing.

"Pick-me-ups"

It is the same with "Pick-me-Ups." Some chemists specialise in these and may charge from 1s. to 10s. for a draught. On one occasion, analysis showed the magic elixir to be 90 per cent. pure spirit.

The danger is that these "Pick-me-ups" are handed out indiscriminately to casual customers whose medical history or present state of health cannot possibly be known to the man who mixes them.

Some retail chemists have not been too scrupulous in the handling of doubtful beauty preparations. As our readers know, scores of unknown brands have found their way on to the market as a result of war-time restrictions.

Since genuine manufacturers have been unable to obtain the necessary ingredients it is obvious that the anonymous brands are suspect. Some, indeed, have definitely been harmful.

Again, there have been cases of chemists telling customers that they cannot supply certain oils and waxes needed for medicinal purposes. Too often this has been because the materials have been diverted by the chemist himself to make beauty preparations which sell far more profitably.

Other complaints concern the poor quality of medicines dispensed, particularly to panel patients. Yet the maximum penalty which can be enforced in such cases is a fine of £1. Small wonder that the dishonest chemist laughs at this!

Shortly before the war it was found necessary to take action against a number of chemists. In 25 per cent. of the cases investigated it was found that drugs dispensed were deficient. Sometimes the most costly ingredients were missing.

Evidence given by the Chairman of the London Health Insurance Committee showed that one prescription in seven was wrongly dispensed.

Too Many Loopholes

Against all this, the chemists will tell you that they are already weighed down by a great welter of restrictions of one kind or another. Many, too, rightly protest that they are short-staffed and overworked. Nevertheless, the facts speak for themselves.

I am not implying that all chemists are intentionally dishonest. But there are obviously far too many loopholes for dishonesty.

All reputable chemists would be the first to denounce the black sheep who bring their profession into discredit. Those who demand a tightening of regulations to afford greater protection to the public have a very good case.

Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa

"Wells wrote under sentence of death"

LAST JUDGMENT

One of the world's great thinkers sums up mankind and the universe. Vast changes are coming swiftly, he predicts, though we may not like them

SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO a young man suffering from undernourishment, with a gaunt body and no money worth mentioning, took a shabby room in Theobald's Road, London, at 4s. a week.

It was an attic room with no fireplace and a primitive bed. Indeed, it was not even a complete room, because a partition ran across it, and behind that partition somebody else lived, slept and ate.

But the young man was borne up by the first dim idea that perhaps he was different from the ordinary run of men, and one day he sat down in his 4s. attic and began to write.

To-day, that man lies seriously ill in his Regent's Park house, a very different affair from his first home in Theobald's Road. To-day half the world hangs upon news of his illness. It is fifty years ago now since the fiery particle known as H. G. Wells first came into possession of its full powers and began to write, speak and lay about it, with the vigour of the revolutionary and the imagination of the prophet.

Spoke his Mind

This man could not bear shams. He hated hypocrisy. He spoke his mind.

To-day, what may be Wells' last book, has just been published. It is entitled *Mind at the End of Its Tether* (Heinemann, 6s.). The preface begins: "This little book brings to a conclusive end the series of essays, memoranda, pamphlets, through which the writer has experimented, challenged discussion. . . . So far as fundamentals go, he has nothing more and never will have anything more to say."

Later Wells reveals that the doctors believed he could not last another year, but they must have overlooked something in his make-up, because the time limit is past and he is still alive. He comments: "Instead of telling him to get his weight down, to walk slowly upstairs, and avoid needless excitement, the excellent, but perhaps overworked, professional doctors gave alarming instructions to his heirs to prepare to take over at any time."

"A Jaded World"

Wells wrote under sentence of death, and that may explain to some extent the disillusion and despair which mark this book out from all his earlier works. It is not authentic Wells in the old sense at all. It is far away from those inspiring books on the future of man, and the possibilities of the world State.

Page thirty of a book barely thirty-five pages long sums up his present position. "The writer sees the world as a jaded world devoid of recuperative power. In the past he has liked to think that man could pull out of his entanglements and start a new creative phase of human living. In the face of our universal inadequacy, that optimism has given place to a stoical cynicism. Man must go steeply up or down and the odds seem all in favour of his going down and out. If he goes up, then so great is the adaptation demanded of him that he must cease to be a man."

Supposing he does cease to be a man and becomes something better. According to the biologists something similar has happened before, when man evolved from the monkey. On the whole, people prefer men to monkeys, and no one will object if a higher type now evolves from man, even though, in the long run, it is quite different from man.

On the same page, Wells talks about the slowing down of "terrestial vitality." Apparently we may have been wrong in our estimates of the age of the earth. Even so, it seems pretty certain that we have a stretch of time to go, quite outside the imagination, before any serious disruption of the stars or planets disturb us.

Towards the end of this book the author admits: "Hopefully or maliciously, jealously or generously, we old boys look on and cannot be anything better than lookers on. We lived essentially forty years odd ago. The young are *life*, and there is no hope but in them."

6d. a Week

Forty years? It is much longer than that since Wells sat on a tall stool in a draper's shop from 7.30 in the morning till 7.30 in the evening, taking the customers' cash. He was nearly suspected of pilfering them. He had just 6d. a week for pocket money. He fought with the porter and blacked his eye. He was told, in the end, that he was not refined enough to become a draper.

Then came his first writing efforts. Half-a-crown for putting up questions to a popular weekly of the day! It was a big step from that to the man of letters who poured out book after book, who created a new type of scientific fiction, and conjured up Mr. Kipps and William Clissold.

A few years later he brought the same gusto into the educational world, and once again his books multiplied. He conceived the idea of a gigantic history of the world, which would tell the truth about it all, for the first time, but when he asked the experts to collaborate, he found that they could not agree amongst themselves, so he plunged in and did the whole stupendous job himself.

Then came the sociological books and again there was the same sweeping approach. He could never play the part of the sedulous ant, working piece-meal in the committee rooms on some small fragments of the plan. He was the large-scale map-maker. He had to handle the whole human race or nothing.

The New Prophet

For sixty years he spent his gifts lavishly, and in due course the underfed youth became the international figure, the new prophet, the great educator. And now the vision splendid seems to have lost its life and colour, the whole outlook changed.

Now he writes a book like *Mind at the End of its Tether*. But Wells will not be remembered for this book. He will be remembered as the writer who once prophesied a glorious future for man, who grappled with giant problems and made them plain to the man in the street, who was lovable, boisterous, and no matter what forces were brought against him, irrepressible.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

The Joy of Giving

"NICE OF THEM to give us an afternoon off for Christmas shopping, wasn't it, Joan? The old man's quite a sport sometimes."

"Perhaps he expects us to buy him a present."

"He'll be lucky. Come on, let's start in this department. I always say the advantage of shopping in a big store is that you can get everything under one roof."

"Have you got a long list?"

"Six or seven. There, look at those pretty leather belts. Just do for Greta. How much are they, please?"

"*Seventy-five shillings, madam.*"

"Oh! Er—haven't you anything cheaper?"

"*We have these, madam, at sixty-five shillings.*"

"But they're made of paper."

"*I'm sorry, madam, that's all we have.*"

"I suppose you'll let me have them cheaper if I buy a gross. Come on, Joan."

"LOOK AT THOSE little plaster statuettes. Aren't they awful?"

"Terrible. I wonder how much they are—have a look."

"They're £12 10s. Good heavens, they must have come from the German Embassy."

"These metal novelties aren't bad. What's this thing for?"

"That's a bottle-opener, dear. You'd better give one to your Tom ready for his demobbing."

"Goodness, it's thirty-five bob. I thought it was chromium—it must be platinum."

"Look, that wooden matchbox holder with a little dog on top would just do for auntie."

"She'd probably rather have a box of matches."

"I wonder if the price is on it. Oh, dear, now what shall I do—look, it's fallen to pieces."

"Put it back quickly before they see."

"Anyway, it was three guineas."

"I SAY, THOSE ARE pretty little fobs made of pine cones and beech nuts."

"Yes—at eighteen-and-eleven."

"We're stupid spending our afternoon off in here. We ought to be in the country collecting twigs and things, painting them, and then selling them."

"A box of paints costs fifty shillings—I saw one as we came in."

"I suppose I shall end up by sending all the grown-ups book tokens. Let's go and look at the toys."

"Good heavens! Look at this 'Child's Drawing Outfit.' A dozen sheets of paper and two pencils, twelve-and-six."

"And come and look at this toy skittle alley. Six corks and a marble, fifteen shillings."

"This boy's chemistry set would just do for my brother Ronnie. See those little bottles labelled 'Sodium Chloride,' 'Sodium Sulphate,' and 'Plumbic Oxide.' It's only a guinea."

"Those are the scientific names for common salt, Epsom salts and red lead."

"Oh, look, there's a much bigger set. Ten guineas."

"It must have some uranium in it. Just suit your brother Ronnie."

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

master of the house

The Lewises had always been poachers and never yet had one been caught. But when the gamekeeper found young Ted Lewis with a partridge in his hand, Ted fought for his self-respect in more ways than he realised

by JOE COBBE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

"Hullo," said Ted, trying to think quickly how best he could make his escape

YOUNG TED LEWIS took aim rather recklessly and fired. The rifle uttered a sharp "ping," followed by a high-pitched soft whistle. The next moment there was a rustle amongst the branches of the trees, then a soft thud, and a plump partridge lay dead on the pine-strewn clearing of the wood.

Ted looked round cautiously, then he lifted the dead bird by the legs and tested its weight.

"Well, that should please the old man," he said to himself. "When John Morris, of 'The Pick and Shovel' gets his gluttonous eyes on this he'll be liberal with his beer. And now I'll get home."

But as he twisted the muffler more comfortably round his neck his thoughts became uneasy. Not because he was poaching, or afraid of the consequences. He'd done it often enough before, and learnt the tricks from his father.

Poaching had been in the blood of the Lewises for generations, and it was their proud boast that never once had one of them been caught at the game.

IT WASN'T EITHER that his conscience was guilty because he was unlawfully taking the property of Major Butler, the owner of the estate and all it contained. Didn't this same Major say during the election that if the people voted for him and the Tory Party they would vote for real freedom, and if they voted for the Socialists they would vote for the control of their lives by the State? Well, if freedom didn't mean coming into a wood and earning some beer-money, what did it mean?

He knew, of course, that his argument didn't hold water, but it satisfied him.

"The old man's waiting on this, I'd better get home," he said.

But instead of preparing to go he sat down on a tree-stump. He had something to settle with himself and perhaps he could do it better there in the quietness.

"Don't go out in that muffler, Ted, you don't look at all smart." That's what his young wife Jessie had said before he came out of the house.

"You go out as ye please, Ted," his father had said to him on the quiet. "Once ye let a woman dictate to ye what ye should wear, or what ye should do, you'll be doomed for the rest of your married life. Remember you're a Lewis, and they have always been master of their own house."

He wanted to please Jessie, but he was afraid of his father. If they could only get a little house of their own! But while he occupied the same house as old Ted he wouldn't have much chance of pleasing Jessie.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW that he was out poaching. And he didn't want to do it either, but old Ted was in a drinking mood and his money was done. He was too lame now with the rheumatics to risk it himself, so he had ordered his son to go.

"There's some good birds in Thorley Wood, Ted. Bring what ye get to 'The Pick and Shovel.' I'll be there waitin' on ye."

Old Ted didn't like Jessie. He had been a widower so long, and had his own way of running his house. But Jessie came and began to clean and smarten it up, and he resented what he called this interference with his property. But she wasn't going to smarten up his son and make him into a fashion plate.

"Make a toff of ye, she would, and take the man out of ye. Oh, I know her kind, Ted, my lad, for didn't your own mother try that same trick with me?"

"Yes," said Ted between his teeth, looking at the dead bird, "but ye didn't have her so very long, did ye? Broke her heart with your way of living, you did."

Then he rose determinedly. The partridge could lie there, and his father could sit in 'The Pick and Shovel' till his tongue withered in his head. He had his own life to lead. Jessie was a good, clean-living girl, and he had the wish to be the same.

But his courage didn't last long. He knew what would happen if he went home without anything. There was no worse-tempered man in Thorley village than his father, and when he was denied his drink there was never any saying what he would say, or do.

TED RECALLED some of the scenes that had taken place in his home when his mother was alive. He shivered at the thought of a similar scene with Jessie. And yet, sooner or later, he would have to put Jessie first.

"Wasn't I lucky to get her? Isn't she pretty? Isn't she good? And didn't she give up Tom Bates for me?"

A faint smile came over his face. To think that he was there poaching, and Tom Bates was the gamekeeper on the estate.

"Poached his sweetheart from him, and now I'm poachin' in Thorley Wood, and he'd give the world to get hold of me." He got a certain satisfaction with the thought.

Then he made up his mind to go. Yes, he would please his father this once, but never again. "If I can only be a true Lewis by breakin' Jessie's heart, then I'll change my name."

He lifted the rifle from the ground, and picked up the partridge. Once he got nearer the edge of the wood he would secrete them under his coat. And after handing the spoils over to his father in the pub he would hurry home, take off his muffler and put on a clean collar and tie. And maybe Jessie and he would go out for a walk before the darkening came down.

Then the sound of a breaking twig stabbed the silence. He turned his head quickly.

God! He found himself face to face with Tom Bates, standing a few yards

from him with a smile on his red face, and holding his gun firmly in his two hands, a finger on the trigger.

It was a moment or two before Ted got over the shock.

"Hullo!" said Ted, trying to think quickly how he could best make his escape.

"So the Lewises have never yet been caught poachin', haven't they?" said Tom Bates with a sneer in his voice.

"Who told ye I was here?" said Ted, only wishing that the gamekeeper would forget he had a gun in his hands so that he could make a sudden rush and get him in the stomach with his head.

"I've got a good sense of smell, Ted," replied Tom. "Put that rifle down, will ye? Throw it over there, see! And drop that bird."

HE HESITATED. It was galling to think that he had been caught so simply. Damned foolish it was, dreaming when he knew that he should have had his wits about him all the time.

Tom Bates raised his gun to a more dangerous angle. "Drop it, I tell ye!"

Ted tossed the rifle from him angrily, then threw the partridge over on top of it.

"What are ye goin' to do?" asked Ted, hoping that Tom Bates would come nearer to him. A sudden rush at him would knock him on his back, and if he could get hold of the gun . . .

But Tom seemed to read his thoughts. He stepped back a pace or two, holding the gun more firmly in his hands.

"What does a gamekeeper usually do when he cops a poacher, eh? Makes him carry the evidence of his guilt to the police station, through the village street, too, so that everybody will see him. There wouldn't be much fun in a gamekeeper's life if he didn't get a bit of sport himself now and again. Would there, now?" And Tom Bates laughed.

"All right," said Ted, still thinking of his escape, "it's a fair cop, I'll come with ye." Once they got walking side by side he could try a trip-up, then make a bolt for it.

"There's no hurry, Ted, no hurry," said Tom slowly. "There's another plan goin' through my head. You were too smart for me with Jessie, weren't ye?"

"So that's still stickin' in your throat?"

"It is, naturally, seein' that I liked her and admired her. Ye didn't deserve your luck, Ted Lewis."

"Why didn't I?"

"Because ye don't have the courage to fight for her. She ain't happy livin' under the domination of that old father of yours."

"How d'you know that?"

"I've got eyes and ears in my head, Ted, and good ones. And now that we've met here, just our two selves, I'm going to teach ye once and for all that Jessie is your wife, and has got to be treated as she deserves to be treated." Then he put the gun down. "You Lewises have always called yourselves sports, haven't ye?"

Ted's chance of escape came at that moment, but he couldn't take it. Tom Bates spoke the truth.

"Well?" said Ted, looking at Tom in a puzzled way.

"I ain't taking ye to the police, but I'm going to test my strength out on ye. I've got a spite against ye, and maybe I'll get my own satisfaction, and help Jessie at the same time. Off with your coat"

TED STOOD and watched him while he divested himself of his tweed jacket.

"Either ye face me like a man, Ted, or ye go to the police station like a fool. What's it to be?"

Ted took off his jacket and let it fall from him. He wasn't afraid, for he knew how to use his fists as well as any man in the place. But on previous occasions he had something to fight for. This time the other fellow was right. He couldn't work up any hatred, but it was either accept the challenge or go to the police station.

"Right," said Ted, squaring up for his defence, "when you're ready."

Tom Bates was a bigger man, but Ted knew that he would be slow on his feet. He would hold his own with him if he could get his anger raised.

They drew nearer to each other. Ted saw that his opponent was determined to attack.

"All right, let him attack, then I'll see what his style is. He'll be a hammer-and-tongs man, I suppose, relying on his strength."

Then Tom's fist shot out, straight and hard, getting Ted on the cheek. He reeled, then fell backwards on the bed of pine needles.

The pain of the blow and the humiliation of being knocked off his feet made Ted forget about Jessie, and the rightness of Tom Bates's action. He jumped to his feet quickly and made a wild, mad rush towards Tom, hoping to take him off his guard. But although Tom was slow of action he was quick of eye. His fist shot out as Ted charged, and this time it was on the other cheek. Ted went down again.

He rose slower this time. He would have to use his head if he wanted to avoid a severe beating.

"DON'T TELL ME you've had enough," said Tom calmly, "for I want ye to feel the pains of this for a long time to come."

To Ted's surprise he stepped suddenly forward and struck him two quick and stunning blows on the chest, following them up by another two blows slightly lower, and finishing up with a blow on the chin that made Ted reel for five yards before he toppled over and lay stunned and bleeding in a bramble bush.

Then Tom Bates put on his jacket, picked up the partridge and the rifle, then, lifting his own gun, he looked at Ted, still lying huddled up and breathing heavily. "Ye can come along to my house and get your rifle back if ever you feel like doing a bit of poaching again—or when ye think you're a better man."

Ted didn't look up, but he could hear the tread of Tom's feet going away and fading in the distance.

He waited till it was dark before he went home. When he opened the door and went into the lamp-light Jessie screamed and nearly went into a faint.

"Don't upset yourself, Jessie," said Ted, "I needed this to put some sense into my head."

When she calmed down a bit, and Ted had sponged his face, she asked an explanation. And he was wondering whether he should tell her the truth or not when the door opened and old Ted came home from the pub, frothing with rage because Ted had disappointed him. He stared for a moment at his son with the red and blue marks on his face, and it only increased his rage.

"I know who did that to ye! . . . It was Ted Bates. My God! a Lewis—a Lewis would let that happen to him . . . you . . . you!"

Ted saw him take a tighter grip of his walking-stick. He jumped quickly from his chair, caught his father by the throat, and pressed him against the table. "Another word about the Lewises—masters of their own house, or anything else about them, and I'll choke ye dead!"

Jessie hurried from the room with a little shout of fear. Old Ted, his eyes staring in his head, gasped and spluttered and begged for his life. Then, with the fear of death in him, he stumbled to his room.

When Jessie returned ten minutes later she was surprised to see Ted in his best suit, and wearing a collar and tie.

"Just to please ye, Jessie," he said to satisfy her wonderment, "and to celebrate the victory."

Then, as if a sudden realisation had come to her, she went over to him and kissed him on the bruised cheek.

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Joan of Arc

No wider difference of opinion is on record than that existing between the view of Joan taken by Holinshed's "Chronicles" in about 1575 and the view held in our own times, when Joan was canonised and when Bernard Shaw wrote a masterpiece about her.

Shakespeare had something, but not much, to do with the play "Henry VI, Part I." Its disgusting picture of Joan, which is not Shakespearean, is derived from Holinshed. To-day she is Saint Joan.

Joan had genius. People who possess genius are possessed by their genius. Joan had genius of leadership. Further, much further for a woman, than Lincoln's log-cabin to White House was this peasant girl's progress from the tiny village of Domremy to the crowning of the Dauphin.

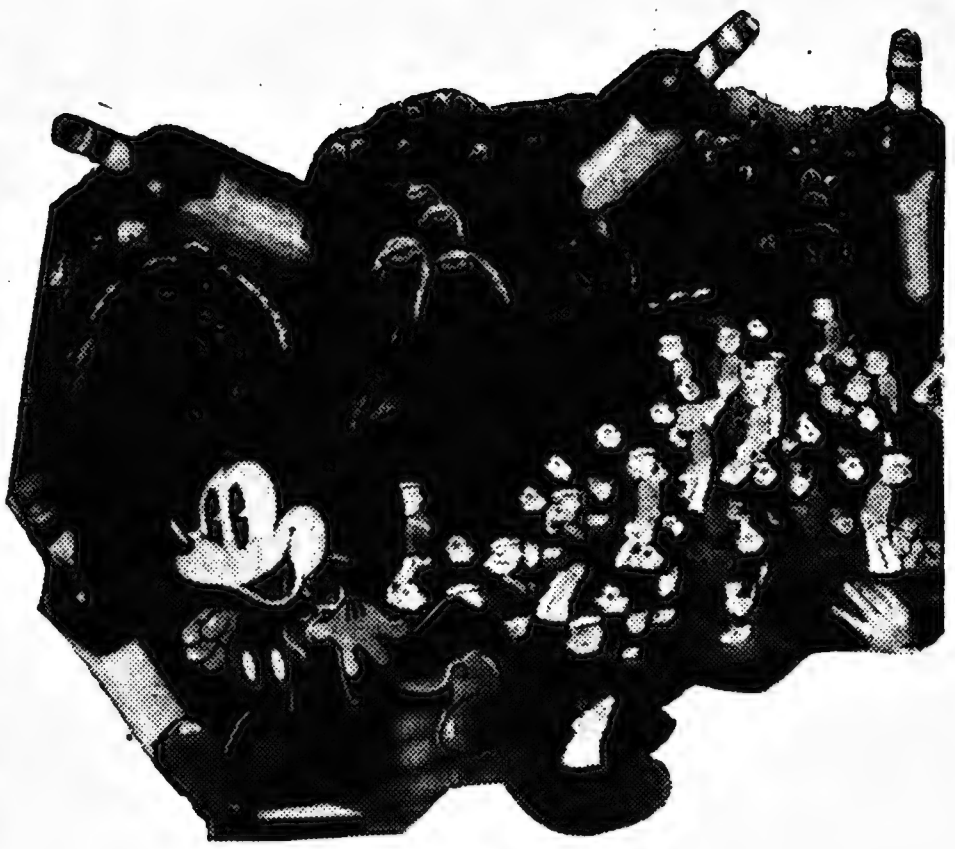
There is, there will remain, the mystery of her Voices. Without doubt she heard them. That was useful; that, "in an age of religion and superstition," was a passport to effectiveness. The genius within her may have created those useful Voices.

As a soldier she was audacious and the cause of audacity in others. She lifted French despair; she destroyed a legend of English invincibility. And as that, of course, was sacrilege, the English burnt her for a witch when by foul means she fell into their hands.

That, however, is to take an unjustifiably short cut to the trial and condemnation of Saint Joan. The facts, and the modern view of them, are stated with incomparable lucidity in Shaw's "Saint Joan." Brutal as it was, the trial was not prejudged formality. Having regard to contemporary religious belief and passion, it had fairness. They burnt her all the same in 1431.

CHRISTMAS BLACK MARKET

The Black Marketeers promise themselves a very happy Christmas, thank you. They're organising their greatest swindles to make you pay prohibitive prices for Christmas fare. Don't let them get away with it, says WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator



WHERE WILL YOU BUY your turkey? Perhaps you already know that you can obtain one legitimately. If not, you are a mark for the Black Market operators who specialise in Christmas fare—and even presents—as a seasonal sideline.

They have done so with a success that has increased annually since the beginning of the war. Despite police attention their operations flourish.

Widespread dealing in poultry has been going on for weeks. Black Market dealers tour the country in cars and, in defiance of Ministry of Food regulations, negotiate privately for livestock of all kinds.

The brother of a Cambridgeshire farmer told me the other day about how his brother had been approached by racketeers.

After telephoning him that he represented a firm of London "private" buyers, a talkative man arrived at the farm by car, and said he was willing to buy up "all the poultry that was going."

If secrecy was agreed he would pay twice the amount obtainable by legitimate methods of distribution.

Tempting Offer

The caller was remarkably well-informed about this farmer's general output and price returns. It was obvious someone had primed him with private information. Many a farmer so tempted would have agreed to the offer, but the Cambridgeshire man said a very definite "No."

"He would have made an enormous amount of money," said his brother. "But he is an honest man, and also believes in playing straight with his regular clients. He realises that he will want their good will when conditions return to normal."

One of the points the Black Market agent stressed to the farmer was that there was little or no risk of official intervention, because the poultry would be signed for as "Stock Birds"—in other words, birds reared for breeding purposes only.

This growing "Stock Bird" racket is defeating the authorities. As a general rule, after a deal has been effected, the buyers collect the poultry alive and, after killing, dispose of the birds to private clients at outrageous prices. Hotels and restaurants in London and the big provincial centres are the greatest law-breakers in this respect.

Order Too Late

Yet all this could be stopped quite simply. This year, as usual, the Ministry of Food did not issue any regulations until November about "Stock Birds." And then they only prohibited their sale from December 1 to 31 inclusive.

Most of the prearranged deals had been carried out by then. Had the Order been made a month or two earlier the Black Market operators—and the greedy farmers—would have found things much more difficult.

Discreet inquiries made by the Cambridgeshire farmer whom I have mentioned, revealed that many neighbouring farmers or smallholders, who for years had only sold through perfectly normal channels, had succumbed to similar tempting offers from high-pressure agents.

Some farmers openly say that the cost of rearing poultry these days brings them insufficient profits under current regulations. They contend that they are *compelled* to sell at the best prices they can get.

Some have obtained as much as £6 10s. *in advance* for turkeys. One man sold hundreds of turkeys at this price in the last few weeks.

Geese have realised £4 each, ducks 30s., and chickens from 15s. to 25s.

So much for direct sales. But several gangs of thieves are at work to-day. For weeks they have been stealing poultry from farms. They have been particularly active in Devon, Wiltshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, North Wales, Cheshire, and Essex.

The raids occur at night and a locality is rarely visited a second time.

Small, fast vans and silent-running cars are mostly used. The thieves carry specially made tools that quickly wrench away locks that will not yield to the skeleton keys that are more usually used to open the padlocks on the doors of barns and huts.

Special Patrols

In some country districts special patrols, assisted by farm workers, are keping watch.

Even private institutions and hospitals, which have for years reared their own poultry to provide Christmas dinners for those in their care, have been lately visited by poultry thieves.

At the High Beech Maternity Home, near Chingford, Essex, an attendant went one morning recently to attend to a number of turkeys. He found that the locks of the barn had been removed. The birds were gone.

Twenty chickens had been stolen, too, while similar thefts had been committed at nearby farms.

Wines, spirits and liqueurs—sometimes proceeds of robberies or private sales—are being offered by Black Market agents in large quantities.

Mostly they go to drinking clubs in London and the bigger provincial towns. Some go, to a lesser but by no means negligible degree, to hotel buyers and publicans who disregard the buying and retailing prices fixed by their Trade organisations. Some wine merchants and off-licensees are also in the racket.

"Under the Counter"

In Glasgow recently, whisky was sold, at auctions, in substantial quantities, at £6 a bottle.

One young woman, who kept her name secret, but said that she represented "a London firm," bought consignments of whisky, champagne and claret.

When certain "clubs" can obtain as much as 10s. and even 12s. 6d. a "nip" from foolish patrons, big profits can be made despite the heavy prices their promoters have to pay for the liquor in the Black Market.

Bottles of cooking sherry, which, until well into the war years, cost only 3s. 6d. a bottle, fetched £3 10s. at these auctions.

Christmas food and drink are not the only things on which exorbitant profits are made. Toys are another example.

Following JOHN BULL'S demands in recent years, there is a much greater Board of Trade control over the prices of toys this year.

But these only relate to *new* toys. When I was on tour recently in Yorkshire and Lancashire towns, I saw many second-hand toys on sale at disgraceful prices.

An old, repainted wooden horse of the "swinging" type was priced at £8 10s. Shabby sailing boats cost £12. An old, worn, mechanical engine was labelled £6; a much-used wooden waggon, £4 10s.; dolls'-houses were as high as £6 15s.; an air-gun, £4; a child's tricycle, £11 10s.

Toys from Guns

Even some of the new ones, engineered on to the market by Black Market interests, have been turned out secretly in semi-workless armament factories or from materials stolen from them.

Many Black Marketeers make extra profits from "Christmas presents" when these are part of their all-year-round activities. When I was in Bradford and Leeds recently I heard much about agents of Black Market financiers who carry on "business" in both these provincial centres, as well as in Manchester, Huddersfield, Liverpool, and London.

Through their activities you can buy leather satchels, fitted leather bags, greatcoats—even fur coats—without coupons—at a price.

In a court case at Bristol recently it was stated a stolen mink coat worth £250 (wholesale) in 1934 could now fetch over £2,000.

Thousands of pounds worth of cloth in rolls have vanished in the last few months from textile warehouses in the North. In the last eighteen months there have been more than £1,500,000 worth of goods involved in unsolved robberies.

The best official statistics that I can obtain estimate a total loss of over £4,000,000 in train, lorry, warehouse, factory and Government store robberies since the beginning of the war.

In the Dock

Only a proportion of them have been solved sufficiently to place their *real* perpetrators in the dock.

And, if one added the large amount of goods obtained by purchase-tax evasion and other illegal means, the figure would be many hundreds of thousands more.

There is another Black Market racket which, even though it is small in comparison to the ones I have dealt with, is, nevertheless, growing.

Street market dealers and peddlers are running increasingly profitable rackets under the wing of background men who provide them with the goods they sell.

They obtain fantastic prices for goods in short supply, such as combs, hair-clips, hairpins, snap fasteners, safety-pins, elastic, and hooks and eyes. Some salesmen, even when a part of their proceeds is paid to their sponsors, are making as much as £40 a week.

As happens where most Black Market goods are concerned, even these smaller articles are mostly the proceeds of robberies.

Two packing-cases, for instance, containing 8,640 combs, were stolen only the other day from a shed at the Liverpool Docks. Their value was £432. They would fetch two or three times as much in the hands of Black Market speculators.

Shortly, Scotland Yard and the big provincial police forces will be reinforced. By next Christmas let us hope that some, at least, of the big, background men will have been in the dock.

"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

ZONED TO THE SOUTH

1½D

You haven't experienced the luxury of the perfect shave unless you've used a Laurel—made from Sheffield's finest steel by Sheffielders in the home of the cutting edge.

LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

CVS—21

Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½D

Price U.K. only

REFILLS 7d and 11½d

(including Purchase Tax)

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., E.C.4

GD 2458

The ART of LETTER-WRITING is NOT DEAD!

DURING the past few years millions have been made happy by the written word. Thousands in the Forces have found joy and consolation in putting their thoughts on paper. Letter-writing has proved a boon to all.

The Makers of Basildon Bond believe that many of these Forces' letters deserve permanent record. To do this, and to encourage the art of letter-writing, a competition has been organized for the best Forces' letters written during or since the war. To win a prize, the letter need not be a "literary" effort, need not even be grammatical. "Fine" writing alone doesn't count. *No correspondence will be entered into; every effort will be made to return all original letters.*

£500 in cash prizes for FORCES' LETTERS

You may have had a letter you cherish from a friend or relation in H.M. Forces, or you may still receive one. It may win one of these cash prizes offered by the Makers of Basildon Bond for the best letters written during or since the war by men and women in the Forces.

1st Prize £100 2nd Prize £50 3rd Prize £30
4th Prize £20 100 Prizes £3 each

Prizes will be equally divided between the sender and the original writer. All you do is to send the letter you wish to enter to John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., Dept. X, Apsley Mills, Hemel Hempstead, Herts., with your name and address, and that of the writer. Each entry must bear a post-mark no later than January 31st, 1946, the closing date.

No letter will be published without the consent of both writer and sender. The competition is not open to employees of John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., and their advertising agents.

The judges will include: James Agate, famous critic; Margery Anderson, well-known broadcaster; Commander Campbell, original member of the Brains Trust. Their decision is final.

Send your choice today—it might be a prize-winner!

BASILDON BOND

BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

---

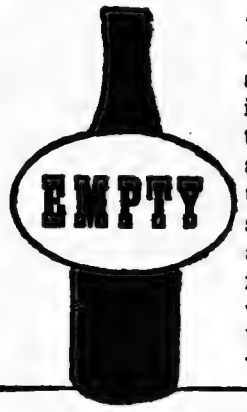
worth it

its it

weight it

in it

coal it



SDI mineral and squash bottles *must* be returned as soon as they are empty if soft drinks supplies are to be maintained. It takes a ton of coal to make a ton of glass, and coal supplies for glass-making are strictly limited. Those few empties in *your* larder will help to relieve the bottle shortage. Every bottle counts, SO PLEASE...

Return those empties

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 48 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with PALMOLIVE

LEADING KENNELS PRAISE BENBOW'S

"I am thoroughly acquainted
"with your mixture, as I
"have been in the habit for
"some considerable time of
"giving this to my terriers
"and find it keeps them in
"tip-top condition and show
"form."
"I have used Benbow's for
"years and find it a grand
"tonic for my Poms. I have
"bred, exhibited and judged
"now for nearly 30 years,
"so I think I ought to
"know."

Give *your* dog this famous liquid conditioner. *Limited supplies are available from Chemists and Corn Merchants.*

BENBOW'S

DOG MIXTURE

LUCKY THIRTEEN

"DON'T talk to me. I'm furious."
"*What, with me?*"
"No, with a bus—a No. 13 too. It just threw a puddle at me—and look at my stockings."
"*You've time to wash them, dear.*"
"Time yes, but what in? These stockings are precious."
"*I've got some Sylvan.*"
"Don't be silly, you can't buy a packet of Sylvan these days—or can you?"
"*Of course you can buy Sylvan. It's sold loose now but you must ask for it by name.*"
"It's worth getting wet to know that. Maybe 13 is my lucky number after all."

SYLVAN FLAKES

HOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS.

6277

Ask your repairer to fit

GOODYEAR SOLES & HEELS

They give longer wear, more comfort, and preserve the appearance of your shoes.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **GOODYEAR TYRE**

Label Fable No. 3 **THE LOVE LIFE OF LIONEL**

1 "No, you can't marry Lady Ann. You've no Go, no Gumption! Always grabbing at your collar, gulping like a goldfish . . ."

3 "We're getting married, Darling! Your Dad can't disapprove now. These 'Sanforized' shirts never cramp a Fellow's Style!"

2 "This ad says 'Sanforized' shirts never shrink out of fit. No more Choking Collars! Show me a shirt with a 'Sanforized' label."

4 Look for this label when you buy shirts, overalls, pyjamas . . .

•SANFORIZED•

Will not shrink out of fit

Competitions Calling!

HIS 1st PRIZE COME-BACK

BACK home at 136, St. Leonards Avenue, Hove, after several years away on war work, 47-year-old engineer Fred Green opened *John Bull* after supper one evening and turned to the competition page.

"I'll see if I can't win something for Christmas," he told his wife. Before the war, you see, he had been a regular *Bullets* entrant and, though no cash prize bigger than 2s. 6d. had come his way, he had twice won Christmas prizes.

One Friday afternoon soon afterwards, "Bulleteer" Green was called to the 'phone. "A telegram's come from Long Acre," said his wife excitedly. And then he heard that in *Bullets* 1,502 he had won the First Prize of £250 for his effort, FRUITS OF SAVING—MORE 'CAKE,' *Another* CHRISTMAS.

"I've done it at last," he exclaimed. "And with my very first entry for years. What a come-back!"

Thrills for 100

"Study each list of winning *Bullets*," was this big winner's advice to his fellow readers. Carry out that sound advice and this year's final First Prize telegram may well come to you.

Nor will Joy Wire Friday be the only day you will have to look forward to when you have posted your coupon. That First is one of 100 cheques for good *Bullets* this week—and any of them would be a grand return for a few minutes' thought.

1st, 2nd, 3rd.

Why is housing progress so slow? A shortage of hands, yes—but isn't the hand of officialdom a hindrance too? For saying so in crisp *Bullets* style, First Prize No. 1,504 brings £250 to G. Hamilton, 14, Priory Place, Craigie, Perth: Mighty Brake—On Building, "Rubber Stamp."

Second Prize of £25: In His Kit-bag—Uniform—Feeling "Recruit" Again (*Mrs. E. H. Tisdale, 31, Ireton St., Liverpool*). Third Prize, £10: Love's Young Dream—Comforts Darby—Joan's "Asleep." (*Mrs. F. Phipps, 19, Orchard Drive, Woking*).

Other Winners:

In His Kit-bag—Notes from Election Speeches! (£5, *Mrs. Ball, 12, North St., Shotton, Chester*); Darby And Joan—Tottering? That's Latest Rumba! (£5, *J. Bell, 36, Bellclose Rd., West Drayton, Middx.*); To Brighten The Future—Heated Shelters For Queues? (£5, *F. Chapman, 30, College Road, Whitchurch, Cardiff*); Keep On Saving And—Village Postmistress Suspects Crime! (£5, *L. Davies, 153, Chester Rd., Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham*); Russia's Plan—Red World? "Rosier" Russia! (£5, *B. Giles, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts*); Russia's Blueprints—Obscure—"Blue Pencil's" Obvious. (£5, *M. A. McHarg, 27, Kersland St., Glasgow, W.2*); Russia's Building—Bloc—And Blocking "Building." (£5, *A. C. Neil, Varenna, Wynn Ave., Old Colwyn, Denbighshire*); Love's Young Dream—Idyll Idle Chatter Shatters. (£5, *R. A. Ruddock, 4, Welbrook Terrace, New Rd., Bideford, N. Devon*); Dad's Luck—*Tyre* "Picked Up"; Horseshoe! (£5, *F. E. Spicer, 12, Twinnel St., Easton, Bristol*); Our Council—"Averages Seventy"—Too *Slow!* (£5, *W. C. Wright, Fern Bank, Quina Brook, Wem, Salop*).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners and 100 winners of Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*.—no free extra entries now permitted. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contest in *John Bull* dated Jan. 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A 'BULLET'

In An Iron Grip—Turnstile Held Two Scotsmen!

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

ENTER for this week's entertaining Crossword by completing the Square below and thus seize this golden opportunity of capturing some welcome New Year cash.

Another £100 Xword First must be won, as well as prizes value £25 for Runners up. Fine 4-lb. Fruit Cakes are added to every prize value 5s. or more.

Across

1. You can put a whole lot into a well-built one
3. The Czechs are never likely to forget
5. A man's this tells you something of the spirit of the man
8. You can have too much of
9. Some rather unusual plants may be found here
11. Autumn's leaves are this by gales
13. It's natural for a man to do this if he gets terrible shock

Down

1. A teacher should not have to provide his own
2. Niceties of conduct may possibly be forgotten by person in
4. One often dodges
6. Flowers that are this, at times prove disappointing
7. Winning of this generally demands courage and endurance
10. Little ones look specially bright and gay at Xmas parties
12. Schoolboys usually don't mind much if they're caught out in

Xword 456 Result

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1. Truck. 2. Shop. 4. Pen. 8. Lore. 9. Cad. 11. Tripe. 12. Bent. 13. Post. Down: 1. Tape. 3. Pull. 5. Mile. 6. Spare. 7. Grid. 10. Point.
NINE £100 SHARERS: Miss E. Beecroft; J. Donovan; W. H. Fowler; W. Garnett; Miss M. Hammond; F. Heeley; K. J. Jerram; Miss J. McDowall; H. Whitelegg.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 73 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes.

EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

BATTLE OF 1946
TO HELP BRITAIN
PROSPERITY'S FEAST
GOVERNMENT BUS
SCIENCE MARCHES ON, BUT
HARD WINTER
FROM WHAT WE HEAR
DICTATOR HUNGER
MISTRUST AND SUSPICION
GROWING DANGER
FARMER'S NIGHTMARE
UP AND UP
WORKING TOGETHER
OUR NEIGHBOURS
DUMB
WORRIED MOTHER

IN THE FOG
TREATED WITH SCORN
GRANDPA REMEMBERS
IN OUR VILLAGE PANTO

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

YEAR OF.....
MEANS.....
SORRY FOR .....
FOOLISH.....
BETWEEN .....
THE WORLD'S .....

100 New Year Cheques

First Prize, £200; Second, £25; Third, £10; 2 of £8; 3 of £6; 4 of £4; 4 of £3; 4 of £2; 80 of £1; 1,000 Merit Awards.

All the above 100 Cheques will reach winners on Thursday, January 3.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1508 (or XWORD 460), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 5. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

460 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 17.

1S	T	O	2R			3H	U		S
T	O	G	A		4W	O	P		L
			5G		I	T		6F	A
7C	M						8	A	G
9K	E			10L	E	E			
			H	A		11S		E	D
12H	A	R	E	M		C		D	O
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		I	N	S	P	E	C	T	
L	O	N	E	460	13S	W	E	A	

Signed.....
Address .....
.....

POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON., DEC. 17

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Jan. 5, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value .....
No .....

1,508 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 17.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

Their need for

Libby's

CANNED FOODS must still come first

But the world is getting into its peacetime stride once more and soon Libby's will be bringing you again delicious Californian Fruits and Asparagus, Evaporated Milk, Alaska Salmon. And of course, plenty of Homogenised Food for babies.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD.

The hands that serve a thousand meals . . . .

kept beautiful with

L'Onglex Powder NAIL POLISH

Marconiphone

THE **REAL THING** IN RADIO

PRODUCTION HAS BEEN RESUMED

Radios will be available to the public in limited quantities in the New Year.

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

Make it easy- have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. 1/3 PER JAR

While Manikins are scarce will smokers lucky enough to obtain a supply please keep them for very special occasions.

Manikin

5 for 1/9½

THE SMALL CIGAR WITH THE MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. (Est. 1839), Pulton Place, S.W.6 royds 33C

MAKE A DATE FOR YOUR PENSION

Secure a definite income at a chosen age through a

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS
(suggestion for a man aged 35 next birthday)

FOR YOURSELF AT AGE 60—
Annual income for life . £170
Cash option instead of the income . . . £2,000
Guaranteed bonuses . . £250

FOR YOUR DEPENDANTS—
Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60 £2,000
Bonuses at a guaranteed rate.
Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement

ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £.....at age 60/65* (other benefits proportionate).
Date of Birth..... *Delete age not applicable.
Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
J.B.75 (8.12.45)

1d. Stamp only if envelope unsealed

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

Continued from page 3

A CHANCE TO TRAVEL

much. I shall be leaving the flat shortly. If I do so, can I still take the case to court? Or must I remain here? What length of time can I wait if I want to make this claim?"

✓ If you have been paying too much rent, and it seems fairly evident that you have, you can claim all excess payments made over a period of two years.

Assuming that 14s. is the correct amount, you may either have the £15 returned or you may live rent free for the next 21 weeks or so. If you leave the flat before that, you may still claim a refund of any excess you have paid.

Revolt Against Rut

"I AM EMPLOYED as a private secretary in a firm scheduled under the Essential Work Order. I am twenty-seven years old, and feel I am in a rut. I should like a change of occupation, preferably one which would take me away from home and bring me into contact with other people.

"What are the chances of employment in civil aviation, or as a stewardess? I want to travel. I have had a fairly good education and have a smattering of French and German.

"Should I be able to leave my employment in a few months' time? Are there likely to be openings with airway companies? Will you tell me where I should apply?"

✓ I can, and do, warmly sympathise with you. It is so easy to settle into a rut, and there are times when we all long to get away and see the world. But I don't advise you to pin your hopes to civil aviation. Vacancies are very few, and there will be thousands of trained ex-Servicewomen who will naturally be given priority.

I suggest that you might get into touch with well-known travel agencies which have expansion schemes on hand. Your secretarial training and your knowledge of modern languages would be in your favour. You might try Thomas Cook and Sons, Ltd., the Polytechnic Touring Association, the Workers' Travel Association, and the Southern Railway Continental Department.

You cannot leave your present employment without securing permission from the National Service Officer. Things will be better by and by. In the meantime you must carry on and console yourself with hopes for a larger measure of freedom in the not-too-distant future.

Work Near Home

"I HAVE BEEN a mobile worker employed on the repair of aircraft in various parts of the country. At present I am working in an aeroplane factory a long way from my home. Now the war is over I wish to return to my former job as clerk to a commission agent.

"The officer representing the Ministry of Labour in my home town informs me that permission cannot be given for me to return. I have also been told that if I did return, the officer would direct me to some other form of work immediately."

✓ The answer is fairly simple, though you will find it somewhat disappointing.

As you have been working away from home for over three years, you are entitled to claim a transfer to work nearer home. But you cannot insist on being allowed to return to your pre-war occupation.

The National Service Officer at the local Exchange has power to direct you to other work, but he should try to find work near enough for you to live at home. Under the Control of Engagement Order, 1945, you must seek employment through the Exchange.

Benefit Will Stop

"I HAVE BEEN incapacitated from work through illness for the last four years and have been receiving disablement benefit.

"I have been an insured contributor to the National Health and Pensions scheme since its inception. I shall be sixty-five next birthday. Shall I then be entitled to draw my pension?"

✓ The answer to your question is quick and easy. You will be entitled to your old age pension on arriving at the age of sixty-five, but your disablement benefit will automatically cease.

Unearned Income

"A RELATIVE OF MINE had an accident last November, and was paid £200 compensation, plus £49 to cover fees for the doctor and treatment.

"Recovery took ten months. Most of the £200 has gone. How much of the £200 will have to be declared as unearned income?"

✓ A lump sum in payment as compensation is not liable to income tax, and should not be mentioned in the return which you must make.

If your relative invested any part of the money, the interest on it would be regarded as income, and liable to taxation.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

GOOD FOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good

ZONING
We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Peace.

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS
ONCE AGAIN IN 1 lb. DRUMS

FOR LOVELY LIGHT PUDDINGS use plain flour and BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

naturally you'd never guess

For the sake of self-confidence, false teeth must not be obvious. No suspicion need be aroused provided the dental plate is as well-cared-for as natural teeth, and by the same well-proved method—*brushing*. The detergent and antiseptic properties of Kolynos Denture Powder will safely remove stains and food debris, leaving the denture clean, sweet and highly *polished*. 1 3d. a tin from your chemist.

KOLYNOS Denture POWDER

Polishes Dentures the Dentists' way —*harmless* to the new 'acrylics'

Where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, Kolynos Denture *Fixative* makes false teeth 'stay put' 1/3d. & 3/3d.

A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING...

Wet or fine, young or old, there is nothing like biscuits to restore energy and forestall tiredness.

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.
CVS-119

the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's"...

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

N.C.C.167C

COLDS, 'FLU & COMMON SENSE

Common sense dictates that we take reasonable precautions to keep fit so as to "pull our weight" in the strenuous times ahead. **Fresh air—plain food—exercise and warm clothing instead of big fires**—they are the simple health rules so far as circumstances permit you to follow them. **'ASPRO' TABLETS FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM COLDS AND 'FLU** is another valuable hint that millions act upon. They know that 'ASPRO' with a hot drink smashes colds or 'flu attacks in one night and saves lying up. Many write us out of a desire to help others by passing on their experiences. They want you to know how **'ASPRO' is helping the workers every day**—dispelling pain — headaches — neuralgia — rheumatic twinges, etc.—soothing the nerves and bringing sweet sleep to the sleepless. 'ASPRO' is sympathy and healing power in tablet form.

'ASPRO'
Breaks up Cold & 'Flu attacks in ONE NIGHT!

HERE IS THE PROOF

G. KAY, of 72a Townholm Crescent, W.7, writes:—"I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on 'ASPRO' and a hot drink, and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again."

'ASPRO'

Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

New DOUBLE-PURPOSE EYE LOTION

FIRSTLY this new eye lotion keeps eyes clear, clean and healthy, relieves styes—helps red watery eyes—checks infection.
SECONDLY it contains special *twice distilled blend of plant extracts*, so soothing that when applied to the eye for *only 60 seconds* you get amazing feeling of restful relief. Valopto' is the new *double*-purpose eye lotion—not only relieves burning and smarting and other eye troubles but has soothing action which helps the nerves to relax through your EYES. At all chemists, 2/- (including tax).

VALOPTO
The MODERN Eye Lotion

HOW to achieve GOOD HEALTH - Vigour - Vitality

We are all being told that we must continue to work hard, long and energetically.

If you observe signs of fatigue, irritability, disturbed digestion, depression, you may be suffering from a deficiency in Vitamin B1. Everybody needs a minimum of 300-600 International Units of Vitamin B1 every day for perfect health.

DCL Vitamin B1 Yeast Tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 milligrams of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 milligrams of riboflavin and 8 milligrams of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. One tablet should be taken 3 tines a day or as ordered by the physician. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

DCL Vitamin B1 YEAST TABLETS

From all Chemists **2/3** *50 tablets and* **3/9** *100 tablets*

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LTD., EDINBURGH

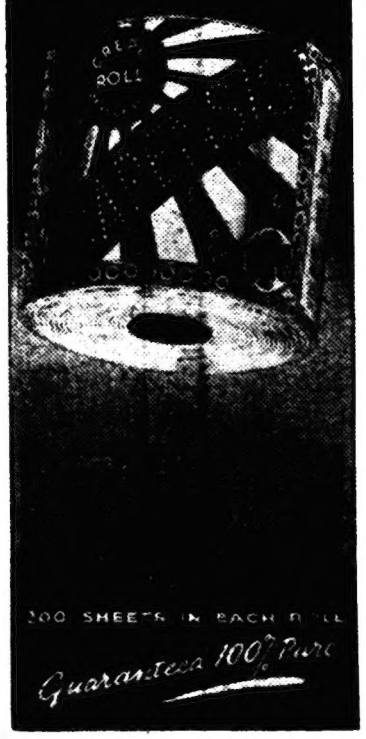
The remedy for Constipation & its worries...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

CAPEX SIS EXTRA SOFT



Max. Controlled Price 8½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Some mistaken beliefs about CANCER

No. 1 THAT CANCER IS A HOPELESS DISEASE

As a result of greatly increased medical knowledge and skill . . . improved methods and facilities for diagnosis and treatment . . . and above all, by patients taking early treatment, the ultimate relief of Cancer is being brought within sight. Successful treatment depends largely upon early recognition. If you are in doubt, see your doctor at once.

CHRISTIE HOSPITAL & HOLT RADIUM INSTITUTE
MANCHESTER, 20

If it's quicker shaving you want to get SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX are the winning bet!

* Millions of these famous blades are still going to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available to the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. *

Victory-V

GUMS & LOZENGES
warm and comfort the
THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS

2 ozs. 6d. Including Tax

NO POINTS

keep free from INDIGESTION

says Mr VITALITY

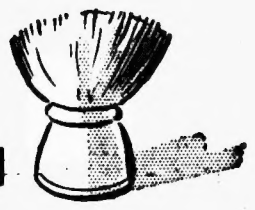
This new vitalising power contains in addition to the usual combination of alkali and antacid, the vital necessities for successful digestion, enzymes, diastase and papain. It also contains, to vitalise it and to counter consequent deficiencies, 35 International units of Vitamin B1 in each teaspoonful. Obtainable from qualified chemists only. Price 1/8 per carton including purchase tax.

Simpkin's
VITALISED STOMACH POWDER

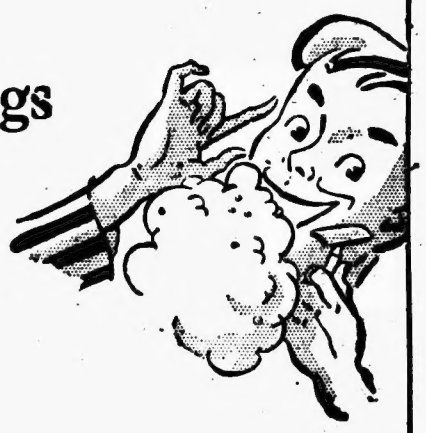
Think in STEAD

A DAB

plus **A BRUSH**



equal lashings
of lovely
lather



Shavallo not only turns a penance into a pleasure, but it's so remarkably economical. Just a dab on the face (never dip the brush into the jar) whips up immediately into a full, rich, bristle-softening lather. You'll be surprised, too, how soothed and refreshed Shavallo leaves the skin afterwards.

SV 1368-414

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

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BOURNVILLE COCOA

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It's Cadburys

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